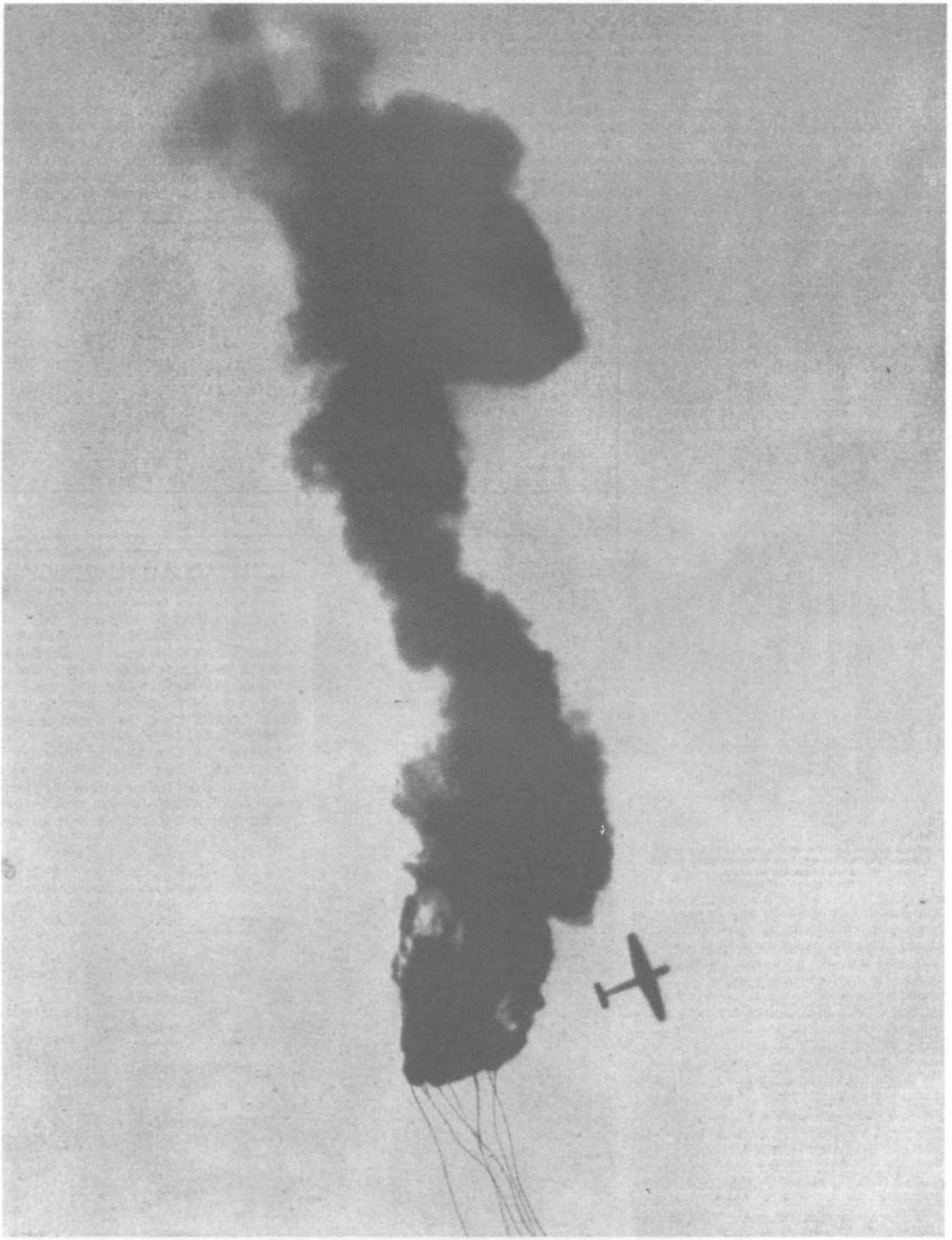


A MESSERSCHMITT ACHIEVES A BLOODLESS VICTORY

This remarkable photograph was taken off the south-east coast of England on August 14, when a German fighter 'plane had succeeded in bringing down one of the barrage balloons on which the Nazi 'planes had been making concerted attacks during the week. The "victorious" Messerschmitt is scurrying away, while the balloon comes down, a mass of smoke and flame. From the head of the balloon are hanging the cables and guy ropes that menace the dive bomber. The destroyed balloon is quickly replaced by a new one. *Photo, Planet News*

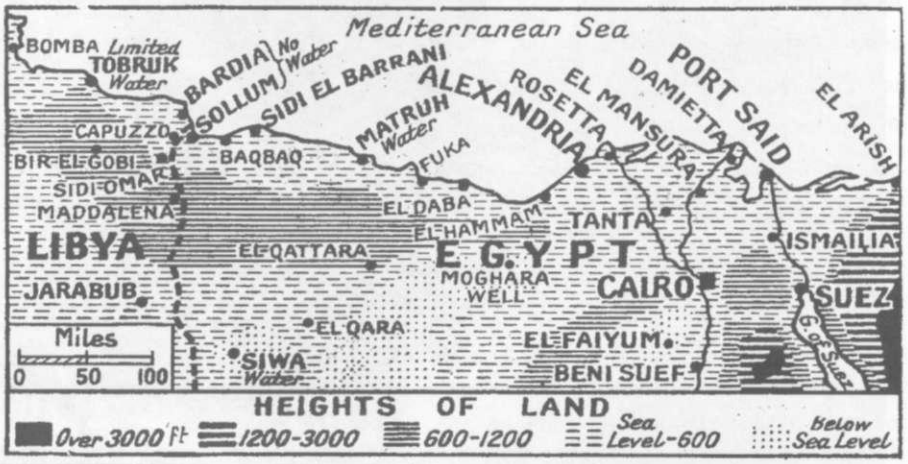
Now May Begin the Battle for Our Empire

When Mussolini's columns invaded British Somaliland they started a new war—one which may well develop into a struggle for the British Empire and its associated States. Perhaps this essay by E. Royston Pike in the interpretation of the Dictators' designs may serve as a guide-post through the confusing events of the day.

THERE was little to choose between one side of the frontier and the other; as far as sun-tortured eyes could see the waste of glittering sand lay spread out in a vast shimmering expanse, broken here and there by tufts of coarse grass, patches of prickly scrub, an occasional cluster of palms within whose grateful shade lay pools of life-giving water. As the Italian columns chugged and snorted and rattled their way across where their maps told them the frontier should be, they disturbed a grunting camel or two, antelopes flashed past, vultures rose in croaking protest from piles of whitening bones.

So on August 4 Italian columns from Abyssinia began the invasion of British Somaliland. But we may be sure that something more than that torrid triangle of African earth was needed to set Mussolini's war machine in operation and so expose his newly-won empire to all the changes and chances that war brings in its train. Somaliland was not the word that the Dictators spoke—or shouted rather—along the telephone wires that connect the Chancellery in Berlin with the cabinet in the Palazzo Venezia. Hitler and Mussolini are after a much bigger prize than that; not Berbera merely, but Baghdad and Basra—to mention but the names that alliteration brings to mind. Theirs is a vision of empire, of a vast imperial realm incorporating some of the fairest and richest of the provinces which—so they do their best to make themselves believe—a decadent Britain is about to let slip.

That part of the scheme which Hitler has devised is but a revival of the Pan-German project which in the Kaiser's day was crystallized in the phrase, "Berlin to Baghdad." The disasters of 1918 deflated for the time being the balloon of German pride, but it was soon blown up again by the frantic mouthing of Hitler's oratory: and at the chosen moment he dispatched his soldiers, his tanks and 'planes on the road to the south-east where lay the lands of wheat and oil. But, to his disgust, the way to the Ukraine came to be barred by the rival dictator of the Kremlin. Hitler had to abandon half Poland to the Russians; and when, months later, he aimed at the Black Sea through Rumania, the Russians again stepped in, seizing Bessarabia, commanding the Danube mouth, and throwing the mantle of their protection over that most Slav of all the Balkan States, Bulgaria. As for the way across the Balkans, it is barred for the moment by Rumania, while Turkey glowers from her fastnesses in Asia Minor.

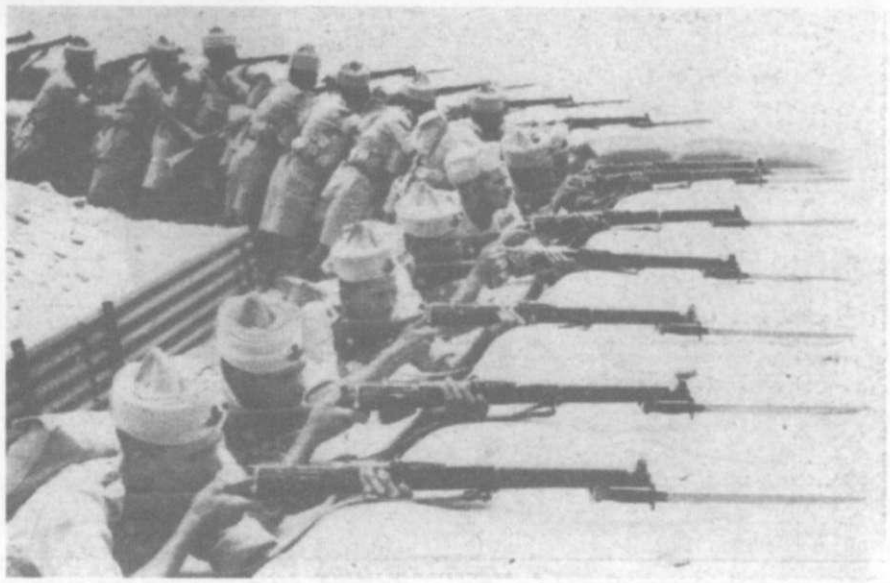


In the event of an Italian invasion of Egypt, their troops would have to cross many hundred miles of desert. This map shows the route they must follow — largely waterless.

Here is a scene on the great strategic road which runs the whole length of the coast of Libya. Mussolini opened it personally in 1937 with great ceremony.

So now it is Mussolini's turn. While the left arm of the pincers is halted in the Balkans—those pincers which it may be presumed are intended to include within their grasp the whole of the Near East—the right arm is now being extended in a vast, sweeping movement through Libya to Somaliland and Aden at the Red Sea's gate.

Fortune has been kind to Mussolini of late, for while France was still fighting at Britain's side the Italian arm of the pincers could move hardly at all. With a large French army in Tunis the Italians in Libya



These Egyptian soldiers on manoeuvres in the desert belong to an army which is placed high amongst the fighting forces of the Near East. Of late it has been modernized in every way.

Photos, Sport & General and Keystone

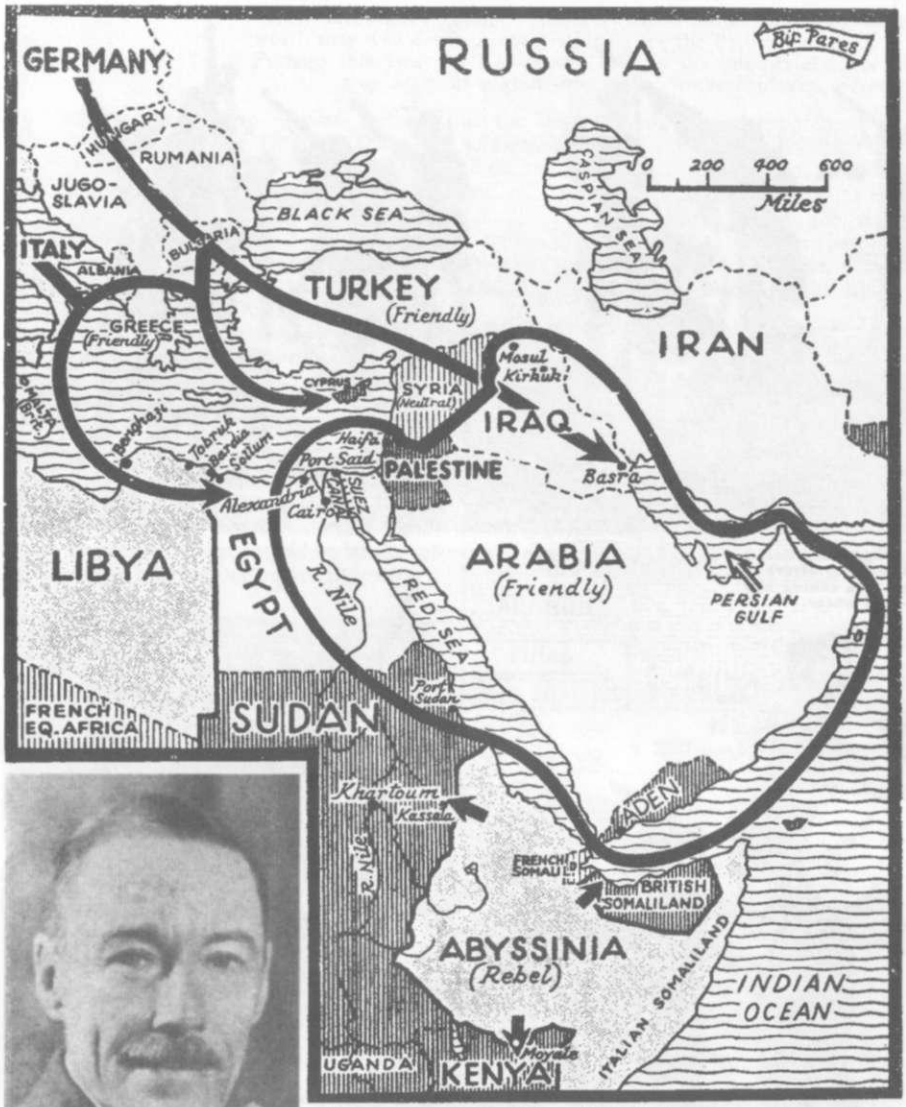
In the Near East Britain's Soldiers Await It

These men of the South Staffordshire Regiment in Egypt are doing a spell of training with the Bren guns to greet low-flying aircraft. Below, men of the York and Lancaster Regiment are taking the most welcome of all drinks in the desert—cold water.

Air defences in Palestine have reached a high state of preparedness, and the anti-aircraft units are always on the alert. Above, one of the gun crews is in action during practice, but though the men are stripped to the waist they wear their steel helmets—by no means a comfortable form of headgear compared with the pith helmet that is generally worn in the East. In the desert adequate protection and camouflage for the guns is not always possible, but the Bren gun post, left, held by men of the King's Own Yorkshire Regiment, is well concealed.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

Vast Indeed are the Two Dictators' Designs



How vast are the ambitions of the Axis schemes will be clear from this map, in which the top set of arrows indicate planned drives, while the "cello" encloses the area that Britain must surely hold. Left, Lt.-Gen. Sir Philip Neame, V.C., who took over the command of the British Forces in Palestine and Transjordan early in August, 1940. *Photo, "Daily Mirror"*

But between the dream and its accomplishment lies—what? First the Navy of Britain and the British Commonwealth, which is far superior to the navies of Germany and Italy combined. Moreover, it is the Navy which, since the Dutch wars of the seventeenth century, has never lost a battle. For two hundred years and more Britain's warships have controlled the Mediterranean—not to mention the Seven Seas; and still today, despite all Mussolini's boasts about "Mare Nostrum," the British flag braves the breeze within sight of Italy's heavily-defended shores.

On land the forces which may be ranged to meet the legions of the Dictators are far smaller than those which would have taken the field prior to France's collapse. But Britain's army in the Near East, outnumbered though it may be by the Italians, is far superior in fighting spirit. The Anzacs are in Egypt—and the men who smashed the Kaiser's finest regiments on the Western Front 25 years ago are little likely to fear the worst that the Italians can do. They have British regulars at their side, men trained to war through the arduous years of peace; Indian troops, too, warriors of races which for centuries made war their pastime, their very life. Before Mussolini's soldiers can reach the banks of the Canal they must cross some five or six hundred miles, much of it desert, entirely waterless; and they must march along one narrow road within sight of the sea, within range the whole way of the guns of Britain's ships.

Then there are Britain's allies and the possible allies of tomorrow. There is Turkey, which never forgets that the Italian programme of expansion includes the whole of her Mediterranean coasts; there is Greece, which is also fearful of Mussolini's designs; there are Irak and Iran, neither likely to sacrifice their independence without a blow; there are Egypt and the Sudan, and ranged on the southern frontier of Italian East Africa are the 'planes and battalions which South Africa has sent to the war. Then, finally, there is Russia—that vast enigma which hovers on Hitler's flank.

had to envisage a war on two fronts, and having envisaged it they shrank from it in alarm. Now, however, that Tunis, like Metropolitan France, is out of the war, Mussolini's 250,000 men in Libya are set free from that hampering fear of an attack in the rear and may now perhaps march on Egypt—that prize which has fascinated the gaze of conquerors through all the ages—and from the Nile to the Canal is but a step.

This seized, Britain's communications between the Mediterranean and India, the Cape and Australia, would be cut in their most vital spot and from Suez the Italian legions might expect to continue their career of conquest through Palestine and on to Irak and even Iran. Here, too, France may be said to have played into Mussolini's hands, for until recently a great French army stood to arms in Syria ready and eager to help Britain in the defence of the Near East.

But not only the Near East would be brought into the new war zone. While the German 'planes continued to dash themselves in a frenzy of onslaught on the defences of the British fortress, Spain's war-weary soldiers would be gingered and goaded into an attack on Britain's stronghold of Gibraltar, so that with both Gibraltar and Suez lost the British fleet might be caught in the Mediterranean trap. Italian columns might dash across the desert to the upper waters of the Nile in the Sudan. Khartoum would be threatened from Abyssinia; Port Said and Aden, Berbera and Sokotra, the islands of the Persian Gulf and the great oil refineries at Abadan, Basra where the great rivers of Mesopotamia meet—all would hear the guns. Still the imperial looters would not be satisfied. Alexander refreshed his tattered legions in the waters of the Indus; through all his most vigorous years India was to Napoleon a tantalizing dream. Where Alexander succeeded and Napoleon dreamed, might not Hitler dream and succeed?

A British R.N.R. surgeon in a hospital in the Near East is examining an Italian pilot-officer, one of the many brought down by the R.A.F. *Photo, British Official: Crown Copyright*

The Air Battle of Britain: First Phase Opens

In the six days August 8-13 the German air attack on our south and south-eastern coasts, airfields and certain harbours, including Dover and Portsmouth, developed with such fury that British and American observers declared that the Battle of Britain had opened. In four days of massed attacks the Nazis are known to have lost 265 machines against 70 R.A.F. casualties. Here are some high-lights in this epic of defence.

FROM the outbreak of war it has been expected that Germany, sooner or later, would launch massed aerial attacks upon Britain, by hundreds of aircraft; these assaults would precede—some said they would supersede—attacks by land and sea forces. Thus when, on August 8, there opened a large-scale bombing raid on British shipping in the Channel it was suspected that Hitler might have a more important objective, and that now, in fact, the Battle of Britain was about to begin.

It was preceded by an attack before daylight by enemy motor torpedo-boats; three coasting vessels in the convoy were hit by torpedoes, but one E-boat was sunk and another damaged. Between 9 and 9.30 a.m. came the first air attack, by Junkers 87 dive-bombers escorted by fighters. Six bombers and three escorts were destroyed by one Hurricane squadron, which, before the day was out, was to account in all for 21 enemy aircraft.

The squadron leader said;

"We climbed to 16,000 ft. and, looking down, saw a large formation of Junkers 87s approaching from the sun, with Messerschmitt 109s stepped up behind to 20,000 ft. We approached unobserved out of the sun and went in to attack the rear Junkers 87s before the enemy fighters could interfere.

"I gave a five seconds' burst to one bomber and broke off to engage two Messerschmitt 109s. There was a dogfight. The enemy fighters were half rolling and diving and zooming in climbing turns. They were painted silver.

"I fired two five seconds' bursts at one and saw it dive into the sea. Then I followed another up in a zoom and caught him as he stalled."

At 11.30 a.m., in still larger formation, the enemy renewed his attack. Three Hurricanes of the squadron already mentioned encountered ten Me 110s and shot down three, together with an Me 109. The latter was a decoy, and when it had drawn off the Hurricanes the Me 110s were intended to take the R.A.F. machines by surprise. But in the words of one of our pilots, "the Messerschmitt overacted the part."

At 4 p.m. the enemy made his final attempt, this time throwing in nearly 150 bombers and fighters. He was no more successful, and by 5 o'clock, when he relinquished the battle, had lost 60 aircraft—24 being dive-bombers. Some 400 enemy machines were sighted by our pilots, but it is probable that the number in use that day was considerably less, since the Nazis could so readily fly back to their base in France to refuel, and renew the attack.

British losses were 16 fighters, and the pilots of three were saved. During the second

GERMAN & BRITISH AIRCRAFT LOSSES

German to April 30, 1940

Total announced West Front, North Sea, Britain, Scandinavia 195
Unofficial estimate of additional 'planes damaged in Norway 200

	German	British
May	1,990	258
June	276	177
July	245	115
Aug 1-13	280	109
Grand Totals, May to Aug.	2,791	659

Daily Results, August 1-13

Aug. 1-7	10	15
8	62	18
9	1	1
10	1	4
11	66	29
12	62	17
13	78	25
Totals ...	280	109

Notes.—Figures for **May** cover Dunkirk operations and include aircraft destroyed by French. Probable number of enemy aircraft brought down by British during that month is 1,500 out of the total 1,990.

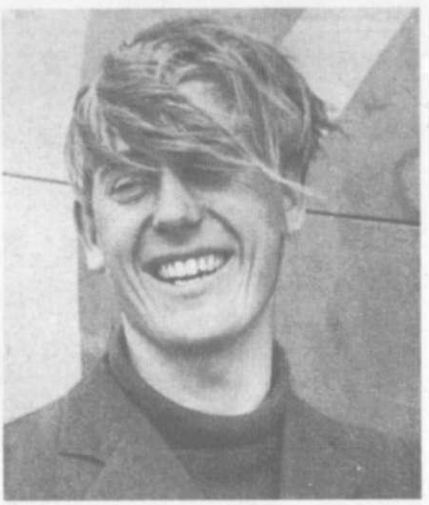
June-July figures include results of mass raids on Britain beginning June 18.

August figures include the four large-scale attacks on convoys and southern ports.

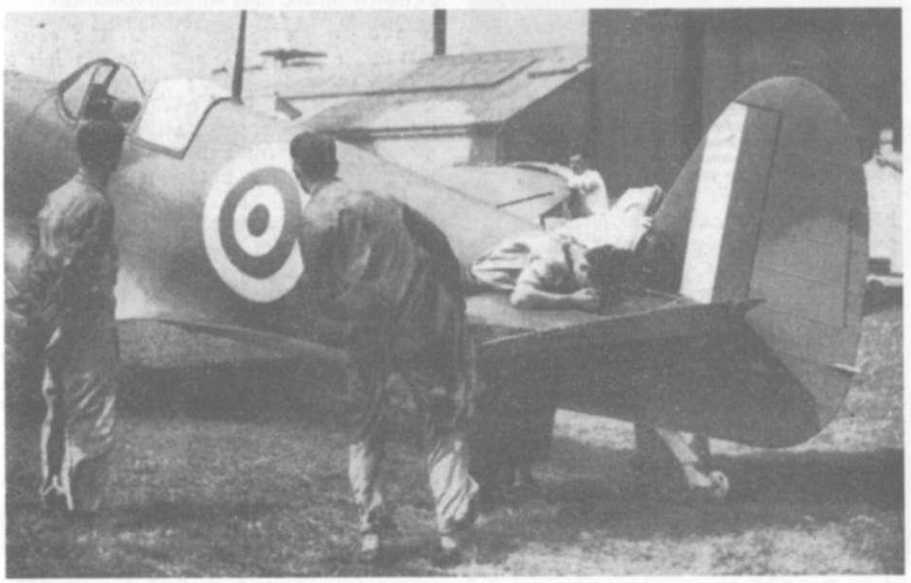
British losses include operations over German and occupied territory.

None of the figures include aircraft bombed on the ground or so damaged in combat as to be unlikely to reach home.

This leader of a Hurricane Fighter Squadron was shot down over the North Sea, but luckily rescued by a minesweeper. By six o'clock next morning he was in the air again.



Another of our fighter pilots just after action; he wears the ribbon of the D.F.C., awarded for bringing down five Nazi aircraft in a single day.

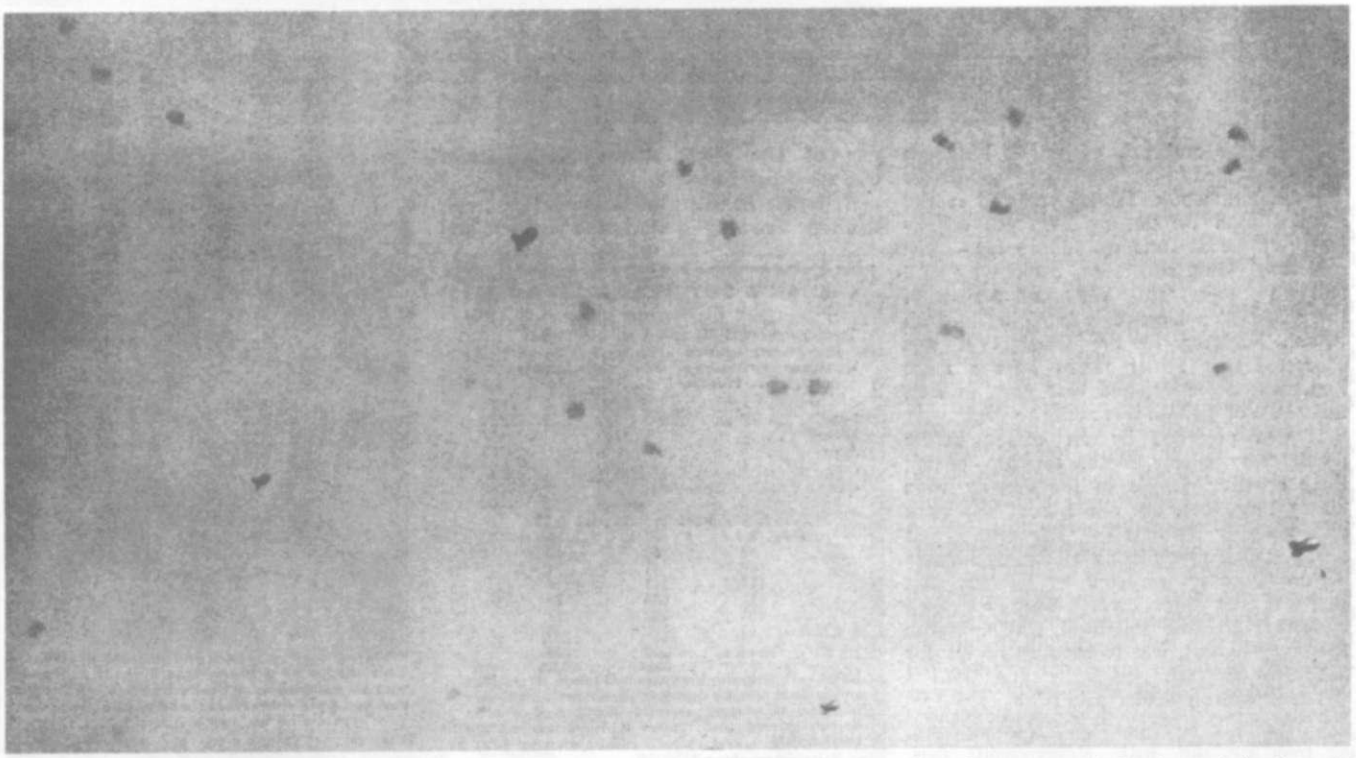


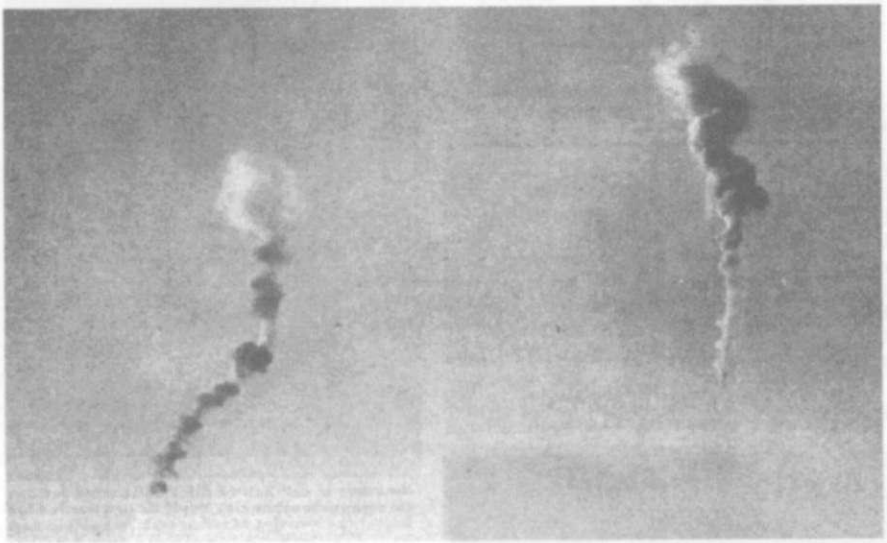
After the engine of an R.A.F. 'plane has been carefully overhauled, as shown in the photograph in page 175, it is run on the ground at full throttle. Here a Spitfire is being put to this final test, with men leaning on the tail planes to steady the machine. The engines of Spitfires are Rolls-Royce Merlins II or III.

Photos, Associated Press and Wide World

This sergeant-pilot of a Hurricane was photographed as he landed after a successful encounter with Messerschmitts. With his colleagues above, he is typical of our defenders.

Tremendous Is the Barrage Nazis Must Meet





The top photo shows an aerial attack (on August 10) on barrage balloons on the Channel coast. Shells from anti-aircraft guns, seen bursting, forced the Nazis to fly high. In the lower photograph (taken on August 11) two barrage balloons are falling in flames, but before the enemy bombers, waiting high above, could dive on to their quarry they were routed by R.A.F. fighters.

Photos, Associated Press and Planet News

phase of the battle a Spitfire squadron off the French coast had chased seven Me 109s over the sea and destroyed six of them.

Thus the Nazis lost at least fifteen per cent of their aircraft engaged in the struggle. Now let us see how little they gained. By the light of flares dropped by aircraft, while it was still dark, their E-boats had been able to torpedo and sink three vessels of the convoy—which consisted of twenty small ships totalling about 18,000 tons. The combined tonnage of those lost was about 2,500. To these must be added two ships sunk by bombers (2,450 tons), making in all just under 5,000 tons of shipping destroyed. Smarting, doubtless, under their defeat, the Nazis claimed to have sunk by E-boat three vessels totalling 17,000 tons, and to have bombed to destruction a further twelve, totalling 55,000 tons! Later claims were still more grotesque.

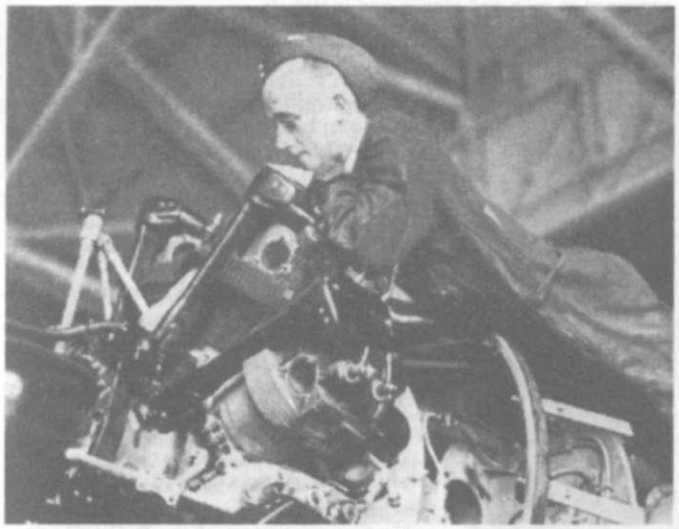
On Sunday, August 11, 400 Nazi aircraft made a series of attacks on Channel ports—and lost another 65 machines. From 7.30 a.m. until nearly eleven o'clock Dover was the objective, and out of some sixty enemy machines engaged our Spitfires destroyed ten and the gunners shot down three. Meanwhile, at 10 o'clock, a force of 200 bombers and fighters made a fierce attempt to get over Portland, and about 150 actually reached the coast. Spitfire and Hurricane squadrons broke up the enemy formations and picked them off in a long series of dog-fights that lasted until well after midday. Forty of the raiders crashed into the sea or on the land, two being brought down by A.A. gunners.

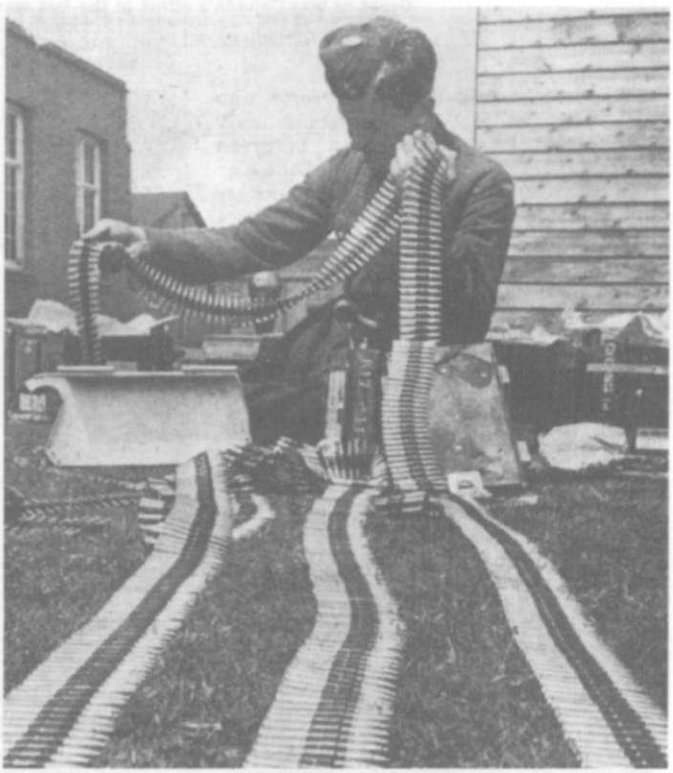
An R.A.F. auxiliary squadron destroyed ten Messerschmitts; the Hurricane squadron which had got so fine a bag on the previous Thursday shot down five. Minor damage was done to two Naval vessels by splinters, while bombs that fell on shore damaged a hospital and other Naval buildings.

Next the Nazis attacked E. of Dover, towards the North Foreland. Going into battle now for the fourth time, the squadron of Spitfires which had begun the day's fighting encountered thirty Me 109s at 4,000 feet up, dodging in and out of the clouds. Four Spitfires gave chase and shot down two of the enemy. The same squadron an hour before, when ordered to patrol over a convoy off the East Anglian coast, came up against 40 Me 110 Jaguar bombers about to dive down on to the ships. The enemy was taken by surprise and was too late to form a protective circle; ten of them were shot down into the sea. With the attack on the Foreland the enemy's assault petered out, though in the evening there was a mild flare-up, which ended in his losing a Dornier 17 and a Junkers 88. Thus in this day's operations he had lost 65 aircraft, and had gained nothing of consequence. Our own losses were 26 fighters, two pilots being saved.

Monday morning (August 12) saw the beginning of a further assault on our Channel ports. The attacks began over the Kent coast, on a bigger scale even than before, hundreds of aircraft being engaged. Later they extended to the Isle of Wight and to Portsmouth. Two hundred machines are said to have set out for the Dockyard town, but only about 50 got through the barrage. They dive-bombed on to the dockyard, but met with little success. Two small harbour service craft were sunk, a jetty was damaged, and a store was set on fire. In the town itself a railway station was hit and other buildings set on fire.

Dive-bombers Don't Like Balloons Above the Sea!





The ground staffs (known to themselves by the mysterious name "Irks"), which ensure that our bombers and fighters take the air in perfect trim are a vital factor in the success of British 'planes. Above, a mechanic checks the engine of a medium bomber; and, right, an armourer loads up magazines for eight-gun fighters.

In the evening about seventy bombers and fighters attacked a town on the S.E. coast, dropping bombs in pairs. Little damage was done, and casualties were few. In this day's battles the Germans lost 61 aircraft, while 13 of our own fighters failed to return.

Early on Tuesday, August 13, the air battle was renewed. From the Thames Estuary to the Sussex coast waves of bombers and fighters came over. In the afternoon the attack concentrated on the Southampton region and the coast of Kent. At the rate of one a minute, enemy machines were sent crashing down by our fighters. Some bombs were dropped on a district of Hampshire. In the evening several R.A.F. aerodromes in S.E. England were attacked; bombs were also dropped in the Isle of Wight and in country districts of Berkshire and Wiltshire. This day's operations cost the Luftwaffe 78 aircraft; only 13 of our own machines were destroyed, and only three of our pilots killed.

In four forays the Nazis lost at least 265 aircraft, while the R.A.F. casualties were 70 fighter machines. The R.A.F. were remarkably successful in intercepting the raiders. With incomparable courage and magnificent élan our fighter pilots tackled the enemy—as always, at great odds—and upset his plans.

As far as the blockade is concerned, our convoys still sail up the Channel to home ports, undeterred by E-boat attacks or aerial savagery. A novel feature was the towing of their own barrage of balloons by ships of the convoy, as a defence against dive-bombing. How effective in this respect is the balloon barrage was indicated by the fact that raiders have sought to shoot down the balloons. Observers in a southern region witnessed what looked like a dress rehearsal of smoke-screening by an enemy formation flying high up over the coast.

Whether the Nazi air assaults in mass were part merely of an intensified war on our shipping, whether they were a test of our air strength, or whether they might turn out to be the prelude to the Battle of Britain, were questions raised in many minds. Morale—of citizen and armed forces alike—could not have been higher.

This dramatic photograph shows a scene during the great aerial battle over the English Channel on August 8, 1940. Towards the close of the long combat, when a convoy, protected by its own barrage balloons (two of which can be seen on the right), was passing, 150 Nazi 'planes swooped upon it. On the left of the photograph an Anson reconnaissance 'plane is taking its part in the defence of the convoy.

Photos, G.P.U., Fox and Planet News

Canada Is in the Front Line Now—And Knows It

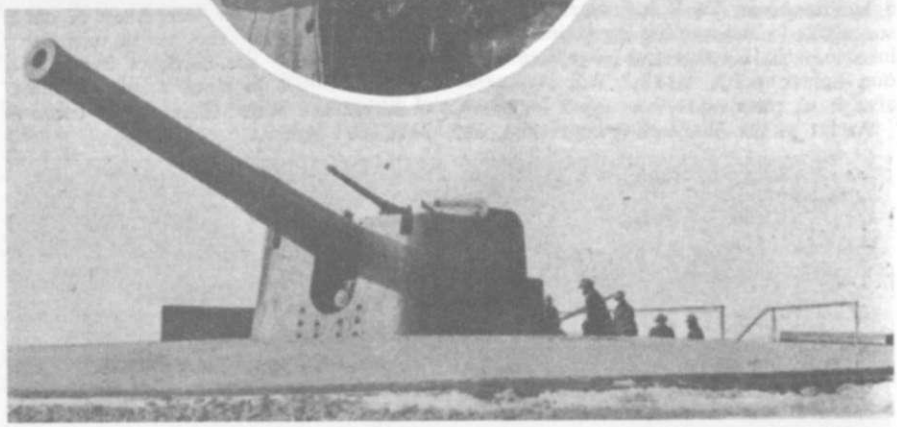
Great as was Canada's effort in the last war, expressed in men and money and materials, already she can say with pride that it is being rivalled during the present struggle: indeed, in some directions, it is already surpassed. Some details of her contributions to the Commonwealth's might are given below.

BEFORE the war there were some who declared that Canada would never again be involved in a European struggle. They pointed out that of the men who rushed to join Canada's Expeditionary Force in 1914 at least half had been born in Britain, and they further noted that since 1914 Canada has received very few immigrants from the United Kingdom. On this basis of fact they proceeded to argue that the call of Britain at bay would not meet with anything like the response of 1914. They even suggested that if Canada did go to war she would do so not as a united nation but as one facing the prospect of disruption.

Yet, as so often has happened in the history of the British Commonwealth, the prophets of gloom have been confounded. Within a week of Britain's declaration of war against Germany, Canada, too, declared war—and not a divided Canada, but one in which there was a union such as had never been seen before. Indeed, it may be said that for the first time in her history Canada spoke with one voice as a united nation; and so far from there being any slackening in her resolve, the months that have passed since September 1939 have seen a bounding intensification of the Dominion's war effort in every field.

The Earl of Athlone, who succeeded Lord Tweedsmuir as Governor-General of Canada, is here seen inspecting the Guard of Honour when he arrived at Ottawa on June 19.

A strict examination is made of every vessel approaching the ports on Canada's eastern coast, and the orders of the captain of this smart little ship engaged in the work must be strictly obeyed.



Canada, like Britain, leaves nothing to chance. At her Bren gun factory at Toronto armed guards watch round its high fences and stand at the entrances night and day. Circle, one of the guards examines the pass of a man seeking admittance. Above is a big gun at a fort near Halifax, Nova Scotia, ready to give a warm welcome to any marauder.

Photos, Fox, Canadian Official, P.N.A. and Planet News

Canada's first division landed in Britain a week before Christmas, and the stream of men across the Atlantic still continues. Canadian troops are performing garrison duties in the British West Indies, so freeing the British regulars for duty elsewhere; a Canadian contingent landed in Iceland last June, thus ensuring that Hitler's conquest of Denmark should not be extended to the North Atlantic; there are Canadian troops also in Newfoundland. Altogether, Canada had at the end of June 113,593 men under arms, and of these, be it noted, not ten per cent are British born, though all were volunteers. They were born in Canada; to them Canada and not Britain is the Mother Country, the homeland. Yet in their tens of thousands they have enlisted and have crossed the Atlantic just as their fathers did before them.

Since the outbreak of war the personnel of the Royal Canadian Navy has been increased from 1,700 to over 7,000 men, and very shortly it will number 10,000. This rapid expansion has enabled some of the seven Canadian destroyers ("Assiniboine," "Fraser," "Ottawa," "Restigouche," "St. Laurent," "Saguenay," and "Skeena") to be transferred across the Atlantic to serve with their comrades of the Royal Navy.

Then there is the Royal Canadian Air Force, whose strength last June was 15,594, and since then it has been largely extended. Indeed, men are being enlisted in the R.C.A.F. at the rate of 1,000 a week, under the direction of the air ace of the last war, Air Marshal W. A. Bishop, who shot down 72 enemy 'planes and on whose chest are the ribbons of the V.C., D.S.O. and bar, D.F.C., and the Croix de Guerre.

The first contingent of the R.C.A.F., complete with its own 'planes and full equipment, was reported to be in England on June 22, and a few weeks later Mr. Vincent Massey, the Canadian High Commissioner in London, inspected the first all-Canadian Fighter Squadron to cooperate in the defence of Britain. This squadron's personnel is composed partly of men drawn from the original No. 1 Fighter Squadron of the R.C.A.F. and partly from auxiliary airmen who, only a few months earlier, were sitting at their desks in Montreal or working on the farms of every province in the Dominion. From the outbreak of war they have been on patrol in their Hurricanes—Canadian-built—over the Atlantic, off the shores of Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, and gaining experience in escorting convoys reaching Canadian waters from England.

This Air Force expansion is in addition to Canada's magnificent work in conjunction with the Empire Air Training Scheme, which,

War's Perils Have Nerved a United Nation

it will be remembered, is principally centred in Canada. Shortly after its inception it was stated that when the organization reached its peak of efficiency the Canadian Aviation Schools would be turning out 25,000 to 30,000 pilots, observers, air gunners and wireless operators in a single year. Canada's share in the scheme was estimated to be about 350,000 dollars out of a total cost of 600,000,000 dollars (say £150,000,000).

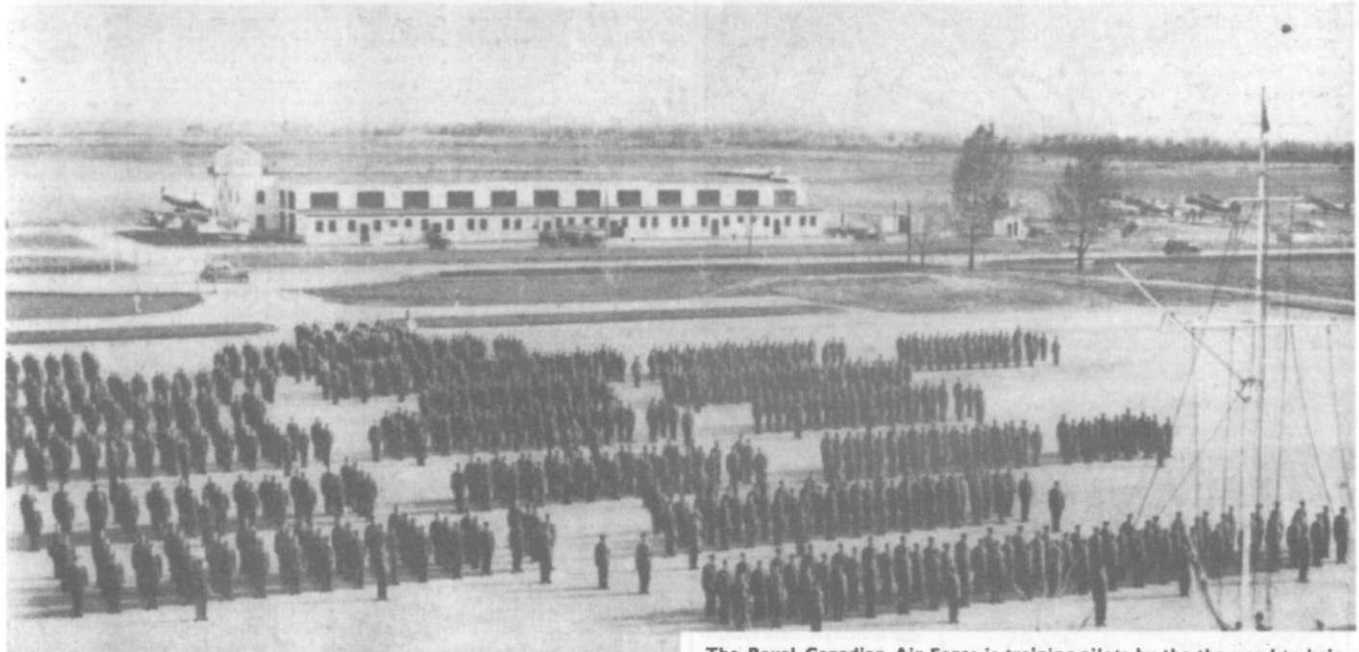
'Planes, Tanks and Guns

This brings us to the mobilization of Canada's industry for the purposes of the war. Towards the end of July the Canadian Ministry of Munitions and Supply announced that every Canadian resource for the manufacture of aircraft would be kept fully employed for the next eighteen months and any Canadian aircraft factories not at present employed in the production of training and service aeroplanes would receive orders to produce fighter aircraft of various types up to capacity. In the last week of July the Canadian factories turned out 25 completed 'planes, and by early in 1941 it is estimated that 360 completed 'planes will be produced each month.

Very impressive was the survey of progress given to the House of Commons in Ottawa by Mr. C. D. Howe, Minister of Munitions and Supply, on July 30. "Perhaps no country in the world," he said, "is producing automotive equipment in the volume that now obtains in Canada. At present about 600 mechanized units per day are being produced, and in another month or two this figure will be substantially increased." Plans have been completed for producing tanks at the rate of one a day, and in the matter of shipbuilding five modern minesweepers and 28 anti-submarine craft would be completed by the end of the year. As for munitions, Canada was producing vast quantities of Lee-Enfield rifles, Bren guns, Colt-Browning machine-guns for aeroplanes, sub-machine-guns, 2-lb. anti-aircraft guns, 25-lb. quickfiring guns, 40 mm. anti-tank guns, 20 mm. Hispano-Suiza aircraft cannon, as well as shells and ammunition of many kinds. Uniforms? Why, said Mr. Howe, "we have bought enough cloth to stretch from Ottawa to Berlin and back."

But perhaps the most impressive indication of Canada's will to win was the introduction of conscription of Canada's man-power from the ages of 18 to 45 for home defence, combined with a National Register and the setting-up of a Department of National War Service to direct the mobilization of individuals and groups for the better prosecution of the struggle. In the light of these measures it is plain that Canada realizes that, as her Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, has stated, "She is on the front line for the first time."

Here is a view of the Treasury Benches when Canada's Finance Minister, Col. Hon. J. L. Ralston, presented the Dominion's billion dollar war budget to the House of Commons in Ottawa on June 24. Left to right in front row are Rt. Hon. E. Lapointe, Minister of Justice; the Prime Minister, Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King; Col. Ralston; Hon. T. A. Crerar, Minister of Mines and Resources; Hon. P. J. A. Cardin, K.C., Minister of Public Works; and Hon. J. E. Michaud, Minister of Fisheries. Just behind Col. Ralston are Hon. Ian Mackenzie, Minister of Pensions and National Health (left), and Hon. C. G. Power, Postmaster-General and Minister of National Defence for Air. To their right are Hon. Norman McLarty, Minister of Labour, and Hon. J. A. McKinnon, Minister of Trade and Commerce. *Photo, Planet News*



The Royal Canadian Air Force is training pilots by the thousand to help the R.A.F., and the base at Ontario is the largest of the schools in the Empire Air Training Scheme. Here is a parade of flyers who are undergoing the final stages of their instruction. *Photo, Fox*

After Three Years China Is Still Unsubdued

In a recent page (see page 142) we have given some account of Japan's imperial designs in Eastern Asia, but space forbade more than a passing mention of that great adventure in which she is engaged, the subjugation of China. Now we proceed to give more details of the struggle which is perhaps most deserving of the title of the world's greatest war.

ONE evening at the beginning of July in 1937 some Chinese sentries on guard at the Marco Polo bridge outside Peking exchanged shots with a body of Japanese troops who were engaged on manoeuvres in the neighbourhood. Some said the Chinese were the first to fire, others put the blame on the Japanese; but whoever fired them, those shots started a war which is still going on—a war which has caused a loss of life beyond computation, which has laid waste provinces, which has destroyed the homes of millions and, powerfully supported by its handmaidens of famine, flood and pestilence, has contributed one of the most terrible chapters to the story of man's inhumanity to man.

For years before the Sino-Japanese war began China had been passing through one of the most troubled periods of her age-long history. Those troubles may be said to have begun in the opening years of this century, when the crust of Chinese culture was broken by the impact of Western ideas. In 1912 the government by emperors which had existed for more than two thousand years was abolished in favour of a democratic republic, and the last of the Manchus—Pu-Yi, who was only three when he succeeded his uncle three years before as Emperor Hsuan T'ung—went into retirement. In his place China had a President in the person of Marshal Yuan Shi-Kai, but Young China found its leader in Dr. Sun Yat-sen (1866-1925), who for many years had been the chief organizer and leader of the Chinese Nationalist Revolutionary Party, the Kuomintang, and had given it the Three Principles—

Hongkong, Britain's outpost in South China, is now cut off from the interior by a wedge of Japanese-occupied territory. Here is one of the big coastal guns on the island's rocky coast. Top right is China's generalissimo, Marshal Chiang Kai-shek.

Photos, Topical

After three years of war the position in China is as shown on this map, which also includes the Japanese Empire (criss-crossed). The arrows indicate the direction of Japan's aspirations.

Nationalism, Democracy and what may be not too adequately described as Social Justice or Livelihood of the People—which are still the basis of the programme of the party of reform.

Sun Yat-sen succeeded in establishing a republican government at Canton, capital of South China, and for years there was a struggle between this democratic government of the south and the war lords who ruled in—perhaps it would be better to say, fought over—the northern provinces following the death of Yuan Shi-Kai in 1916. The situation became still more confused in 1923, when the influence of Russian Communism extended to Central China and the Kuomintang was reorganized under the guidance of Michael Borodin, Stalin's agent, on the model of the Russian Communist party. Thereby was introduced a cleavage in the ranks of the reformers which became still more marked on the death of Sun Yat-sen from cancer in 1925.

Thenceforward for several years China was distracted by the bloody rivalry of a number of war lords, who fought each other, the Communists, and the Republicans of the South with equal zest. Ultimately one of the warring generals—Marshal Chiang Kai-shek—defeated the rest and in 1928 became president of a national Chinese government set up in Nanking. Even yet, however, China was not at peace for the Communists and the left-wing government at Canton persisted in their opposition to the Marshal.

A year or two passed, and there was some possibility of better things in store for China; but in 1931 the Japanese invaded Manchuria and converted it into the puppet state of Manchukuo with, for its Emperor, Henry Pu Yi, who had been driven from the Chinese imperial throne nineteen years before.

During the next few years Chiang Kai-shek found his principal occupation in fighting his rivals in the south, and it was not until those shots were fired at the bridge outside Peking on July 7, 1937, that the feud of conservatives and radicals in China showed signs of being subordinated to a united resistance against the common foe.

After a year of bitter fighting about one-third of China had come under Japanese

War in the Far East Rivals That of the West

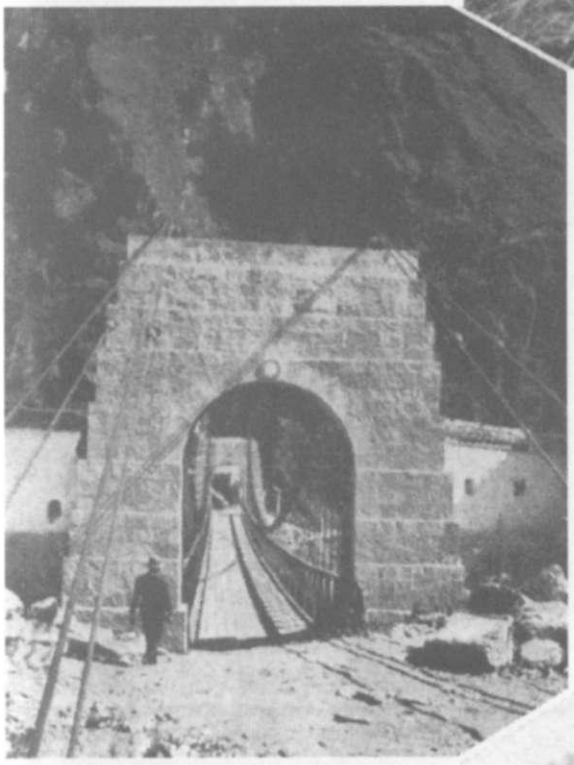
control. Their troops were in occupation of the principal towns and means of communication from Manchukuo to the frontier posts at Shanghai. They held the great cities of Peking, Tientsin and Nanking, the provinces of Chahar, Chihli, Shantung, Kiangsu and Anhwei; their troops were on both sides of the Yangtse and to the north were approaching the Hwang Ho or Yellow River.

Following the capture of Nanking, Chiang Kai-shek retreated on Hankow; but in October 1938 this, too, was occupied by the Japanese, and in the same month Canton was captured from the sea. The Chinese National Government now transferred its capital to Chungking, some 500 miles to the west, in the remote province of Szechwan. For some months the Japanese endeavoured to consolidate their conquests; then in the spring of 1939 they extended their hold on the Chinese coast by seizing Swatow and the island of Hainan, thus making it still more difficult for Chiang Kai-shek to import war material from overseas. But to some extent this disability was remedied by the opening of the "back doors" in Kansu, leading to Asiatic Russia, and the "Burma Road," running from Yunnan in the south-west to Lashio in Burma, where it connects with the railway to Mandalay and Rangoon.

Meanwhile, the Chinese national forces were not inactive. There were vigorous counter-attacks at many places on all fronts; the guerilla warfare developed on a large scale behind the Japanese lines in the provinces which, though they had occupied, they had never subdued; the Communist 8th Route Army established itself at Yenanfu in Shensi, which soon became the principal centre of the Chinese progressive forces; and, in accordance with the "scorched-earth policy" the country was systematically laid waste before the Japanese, so that their progress into the interior was hindered and their victory made barren indeed.

Here is a picture from the front somewhere in China: Japanese troops are advancing cautiously up a gully in pursuit of men of Chiang Kai-shek's army, which, oft-defeated, is still unbeaten.

Photo, Domei News Photo Service



Mr. Churchill announced on July 18 that the Burma Road had been closed for three months to war traffic. The road, which is 726 miles long, was completed in 1938; here is the steel cable suspension bridge that carries it over the Mekong river.

Now another year has passed, and in that year Japan's soldiers have still further enlarged the sphere of Japanese occupation, so that now the maps show that practically the whole of the coast and most of the eastern and central provinces are under Japanese control. But the true position can hardly be gauged from any map, for the situation changes almost from week to week.

In those areas which the Japanese have occupied in force they are doing their best to exploit the economic resources of the country, and they are also intent on exploiting any differences which may come to light in the ranks of the Chinese themselves. Thus in March 1940 a "Central Government of China" was set up at Nanking by the Japanese with Dr. Wang Ching-wei, who was formerly an associate of Sun Yat-sen and a member of the central committee of the Kuomintang, as its president. But Chiang Kai-shek's government at Chungking still maintains its resistance to the invader, and there is no reason to doubt that it continues to enjoy the allegiance and support of the majority of the Chinese people.

After three years of war, then, the liquidation of the "Chinese incident," as the Japanese style it, seems as far off as ever. The Japanese are fighting to fulfil what they regard as their natural destiny as the leaders of civilization in the Far East. The Chinese, for their part, are defending their soil against the invader; they are fighting for their independence as a people.

No one can say with certainty how many Chinese and Japanese have already perished in the course of this colossal struggle, but every estimate is made in millions, and to the losses suffered by the troops must be added the huge casualties of the civilian populace.

One of the most terrible air raids the world has seen was made by 24 Japanese bombers on Chungking on May 4, 1940. Terrible fires started amidst the flimsy houses and burned for 48 hours; one-fifth of the city was destroyed, and the casualties numbered about 10,000.

Photo, Eigner

The Nazis Say that London's Port Is Empty !

Dr. Goebbels' propaganda machine boasts repeatedly that the Nazi air blockade of the Channel and the English coast is so successful that the Port of London is empty of shipping. But the truth—as shown by the photographs in pages 180-183, taken on August 6—is that the Port is absolutely crowded with vessels bringing food and other supplies to Britain from the seven seas. This exclusive story, by John Pudney, is printed by arrangement with the "News Chronicle."

"I'VE just walked across the dock from one side to the other, stepping from one loaded or unloaded lighter to another," said the lighterman.

"And I've come down here to the docks because the Germans say the Port of London is empty," I said.

"I'd like to know how Jerry can claim that," said the lighterman. "We've not seen any Jerries down here. How can he have seen us? As for the port being closed—just look across there, the way I have come."

Around the huge, busy dock are strung head to tail the defensively armed ocean-going food ships. In the basin are clusters of lighters and barges like black water-lilies against the steep ships' sides. The London docks are no place for casual conversation these days. I cannot print some of the answers given in reply to my snooping; they are neither polite nor do they give anything away. A grim and determined discretion covers the great muscular activity of London's dockers.

When I had identified and explained myself to the men lumping flour from Canada into the hold of a barge—who I was and why I was there—they volunteered a great deal of opinion about the Nazis, never ceasing to shift the flour bags, as they were on piecework.

Briefly, Messrs. Ted Bussey, Bob Norton and Ted Furze said: "Tell your readers and, whatever you do, tell Hitler, there is plenty of grub down here. We've not been as busy as this for weeks, and farther up the quay you'll find more bags of flour being unloaded from Australia." They roar with laughter. "And wouldn't old Hitler have a shock to get covered with flour, same as you are!"

It is the custom of lightermen to stand by and gossip with some dignity while their small vessels are being loaded by the dockers.

The crew—one gaunt and knowledgeable waterman—of the lighter "Assistance" told me that he had been waiting about for a couple of days, as his lighter was being loaded with match blocks and timber from Canada destined for match-making.

The timber comes from the big ship in fits and starts, because of the method with which it is packed. "There's not been as many of us as this to be seen in this basin together for many a long day," he said.

Like a white flower among the black water-lilies is a Thames sailing barge, the "Lady Maud," loading a cargo of meal. Dick Amner, her Suffolk-born skipper, is a little ashamed of the use to which his sailing craft has been put, for she is not using her sails at all at the moment, but is acting as a "dumb" barge, being towed up the river with her cargo.

For one who can yarn about as many sailing-barge races as he can, this is a melancholy existence, but it goes to show that there is actually so much business in the port at present that there are not enough barges and lighters to go round. Sailing barges, such as the "Lady Maud," have had to be used to transport food through London.

The fantastic Nazi statements for home consumption that the Channel is now controlled by Germany and the Port of London effectually blockaded are utterly disproved by these photographs and those in pages 181-183. The top photograph is of an electric truck at the London Docks laden with flour from Australia. Below is the scene in one of London's great docks only two days before the massive convoy raids when 61 Nazi raiders were shot down. Ships from every quarter of the globe crowd the quays and basins, while lighters stand by to take the cargoes farther up the river.

Photos, "News Chronicle," exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

Going down the quay in search of the meat ships, I passed a vessel from the Cape landing a cargo of fruit, tobacco and copper.

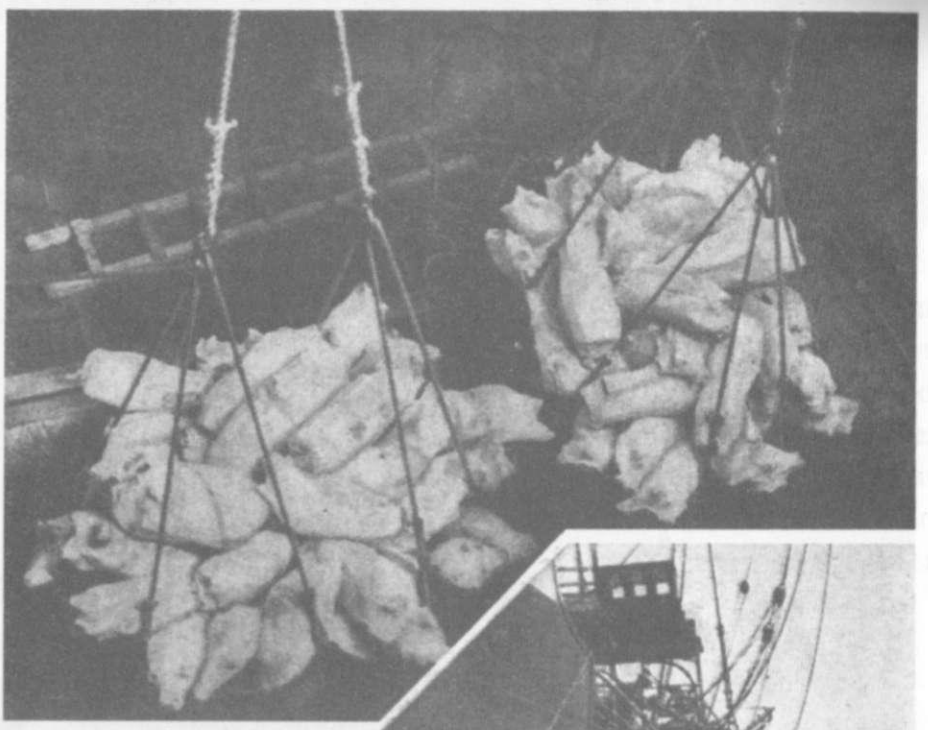
You get the feeling of actual food being landed most dramatically when you see cranes lifting 95 carcasses of New Zealand meat at a time. These are arranged with great artistry in a canvas "net" before they are slung ashore, and the hatchwayman in charge of the unloading tells me that the dockers, great amateur gardeners, call the flower-like arrangement of stacked carcasses a "Zinnia."

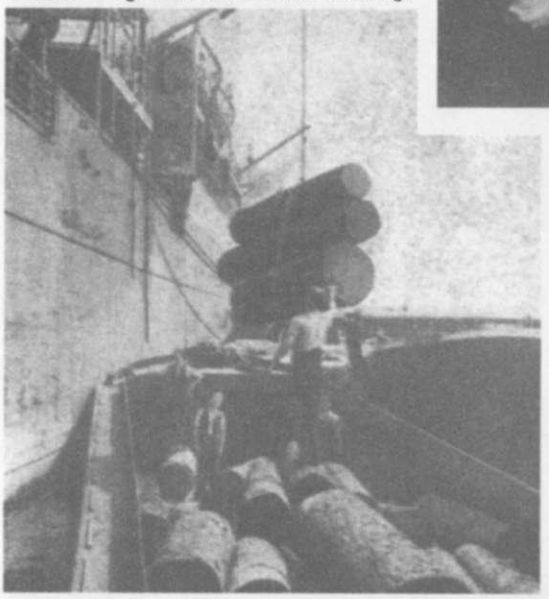
A great economy has been effected in Australasian shipping space by a new method of "telescoping" each individual carcass before it is frozen on the other side. The hind legs are neatly doubled up inside the carcass, which then takes up only two-thirds of the space it would normally take.

Discretion forbids all details of the foodstuffs passing through London's waterways. The hatchwayman himself says: "Sometimes of an evening they say to me, 'Where are you working, Charlie?' and I say, 'Mind your own business,' even though it is one of my best friends, looking for a job. It's the only thing you can do, isn't it?"

From the Empire's Limits Argosies Come

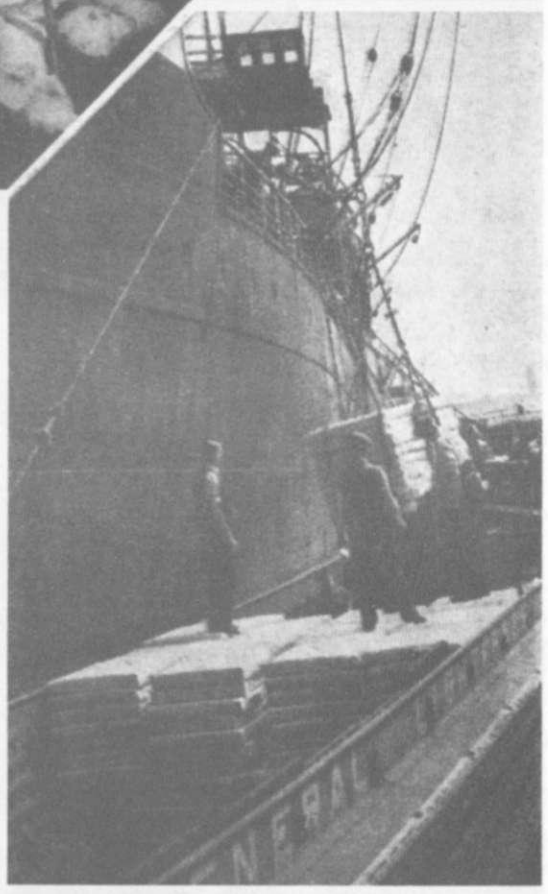
Skipper Dick Amner of the sailing barge "Lady Maud" is here seen at the wheel. Owing to the great mass of cargoes that has to be taken from the docks his craft is now a "dumb" barge and is towed instead of sailing.

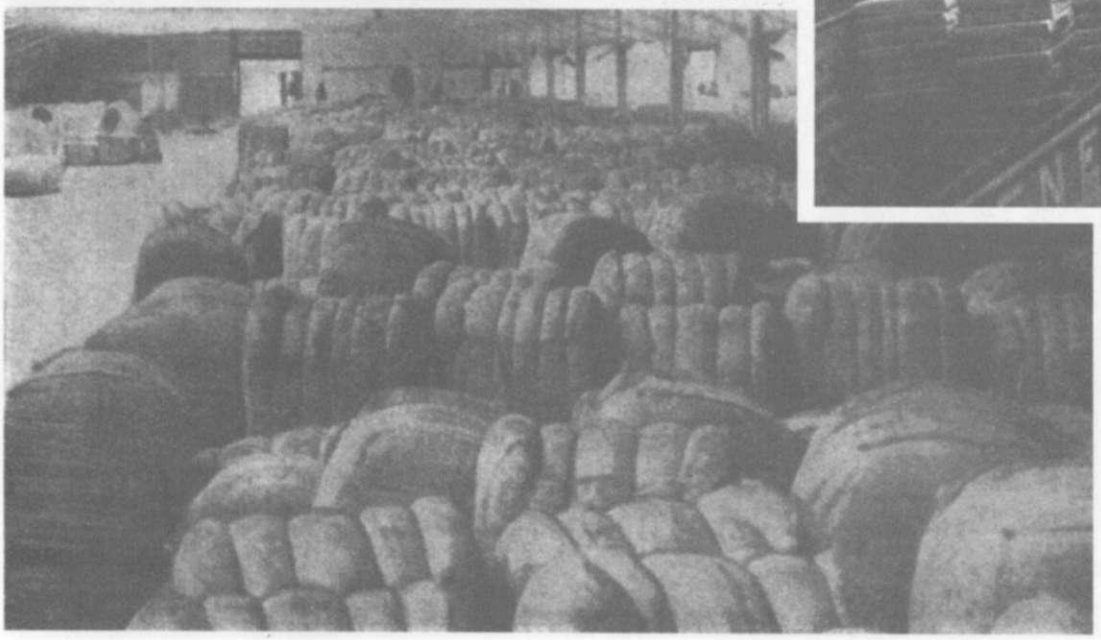




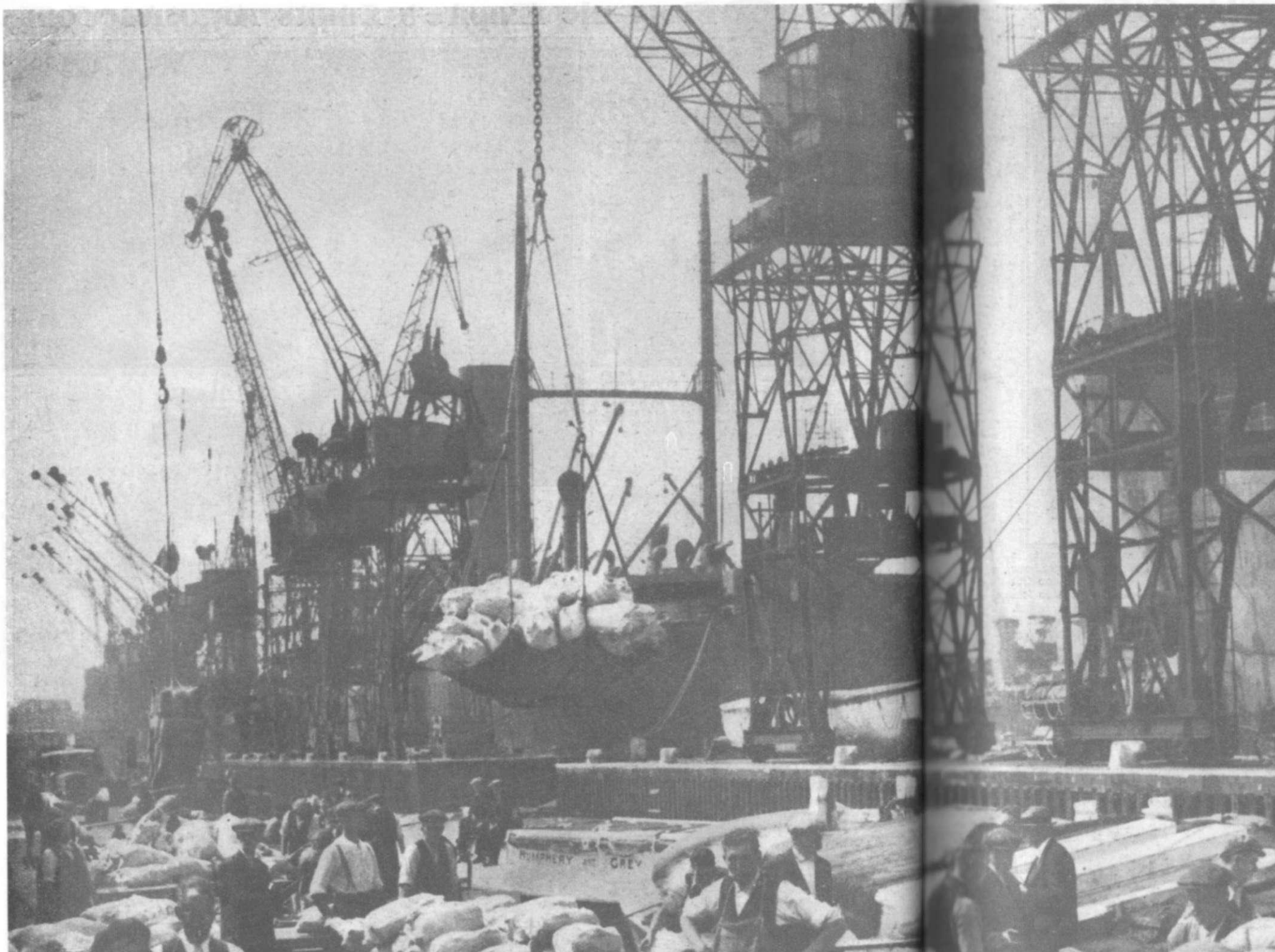
A cargo of meat from New Zealand is being unloaded, above. So well have supplies come in, despite massed air attacks on convoys, that imports from Australia and New Zealand are able to be curtailed. Meat intended for the French army has also arrived in this country and most of the cold storage depots are full. The logs, for pulping, being loaded into a lighter, left, are part of the invaluable contribution of Canada's forests to the Empire's war effort.

Photos, "News Chronicle," exclusive to THE WAR ILLUSTRATED

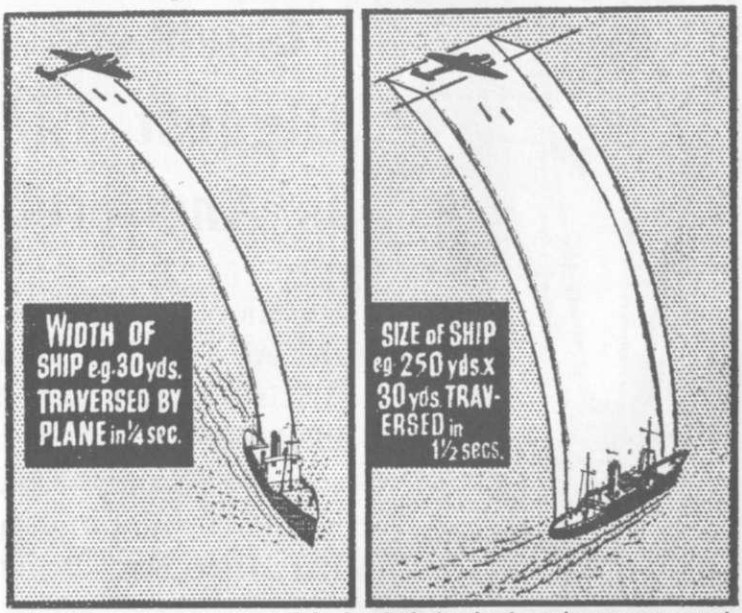




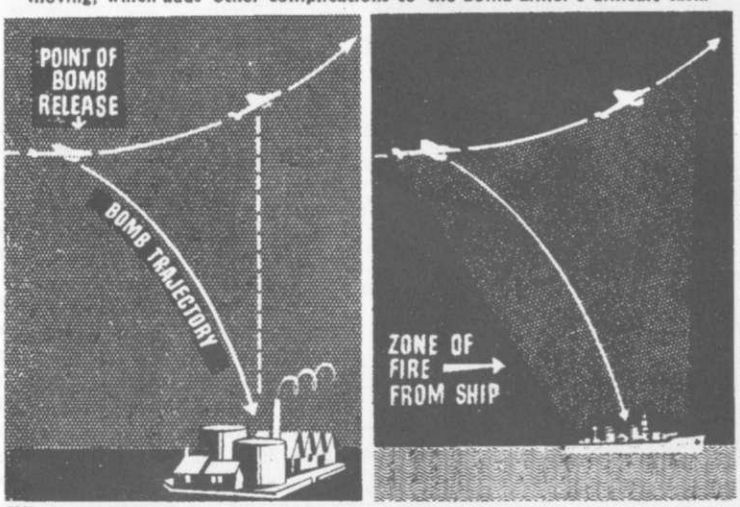
When the Scandinavian countries were cut off from Britain one of the most serious losses was the wood pulp formerly imported from them for the manufacture of paper. Canada has partly made up the deficiency, and, above, paper from the Dominion is being unloaded in the London Docks. Manufactured paper takes up less cargo space than the raw material. Britain has purchased the whole of the Australian wool clip, and at the left some of the bales of wool are seen at the docks.


HUMPHERY
GREY

Why the Bomber Often Misses the Convoy



Attacking *across* a ship's course (left, above), the bomber has only a quarter-second in which to release his missile. If he attacks *along* the vessel's course (right), which is seldom possible, he has 1½ seconds' grace. The ship, of course, is also moving, which adds other complications to the bomb-aimer's difficult task.



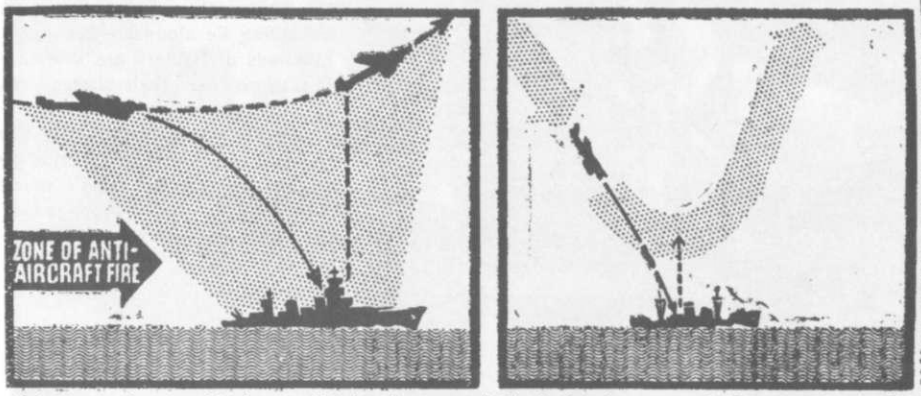
When attacking a land target (left), the bomb-aimer may release his bombs a mile or more before his aircraft comes over it. Against a fast-moving objective (right) the bomber must actually enter the zone of fire (tinted) for any accuracy.

Haworth's diagram shows the bomb-aimer and, behind, his pilot. Together they steady the 'plane and get it on the right course. Then the aimer sets his sights: A, height scale; B, back-sight; C, speed adjustment; D, wind-speed adjustment; E, compass; F, fore-sight; G, point (between arrows) where target must appear for correct bomb release.

"Daily Mail"

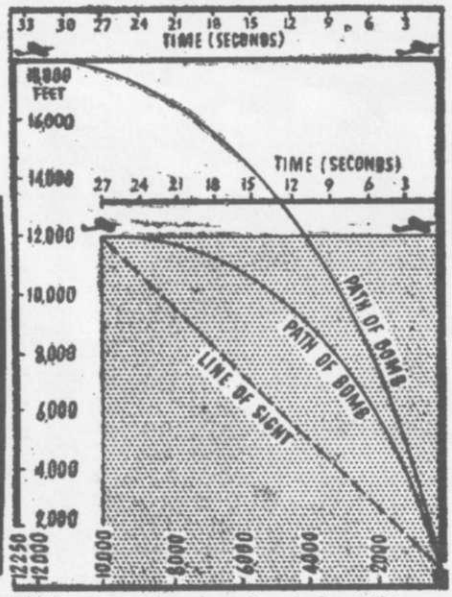
IN the diagram below, the aircraft is assumed to be flying at 250 miles per hour (approx. 366 feet per second). At 12,000 feet the bomb must be released some 10,000 feet before the aircraft comes over the target. Having ascertained the height and speed of the aircraft the bomb-aimer sets A and C (see Haworth's diagram above); next he adjusts the wind-speed screw D, and the fore-sight F is brought to the correct position. Tail-drift is compensated by adjusting a control just below F. All the while the bomb-aimer guides the pilot by observing the compass E. A check-up is made over back-sight and fore-sight, and when at last the target appears between the two arrows G, the bomb-release switch in the aimer's right hand is pressed.

THE six diagrams above and below illustrate difficulties of accurate bombing of moving targets as in recent large-scale attacks on convoys (pages 173-175). The faster (and more modern) the aircraft, the greater the chance of inaccuracy. It is a matter of split seconds to gauge the exact moment of bomb release when attacking, for example, a fast-moving warship. In dive-bombing, to avoid some of these uncertainties, the pilot comes down steeply. He attains greater accuracy, but runs a far bigger risk of destruction.



Flying low to improve his chance of hitting the target (left), the bomber enters the fire zone at an angle difficult for the gunner; but before he can turn away, after releasing bombs, he must come towards the target and thereby present a better mark for the gunner. Right, diagram of dive-bombing: the tinted portion shows how the bomber zooms up and away after dropping his delayed action bomb.

Based upon diagrams from the "Evening Standard".



The bomb must be released a calculated distance before the aircraft comes over the target. This diagram shows the path of a missile released at a height of 12,000 and 18,000 feet respectively.

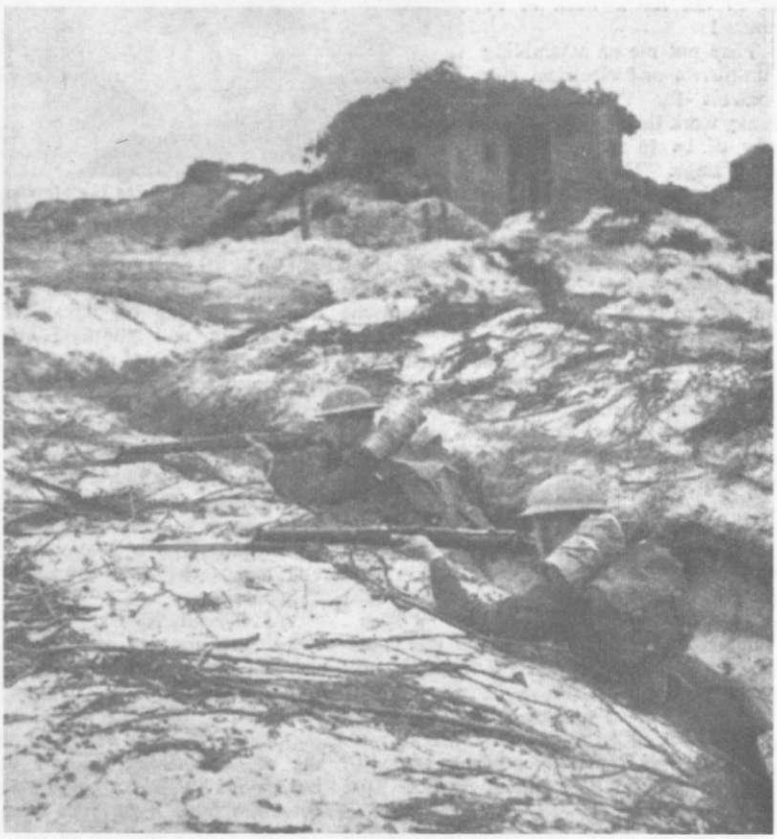
Historic Regiments on the Home Front

The Green Howards

The Royal Norfolk Regiment, formerly the 9th Foot, was raised in 1685 to assist in crushing Monmouth's rebellion. In the last war its strength rose to 20 battalions. The Yorkshire Regiment (Princess Alexandra of Wales's Own), formerly the 19th Foot, was long popularly known as the "Green Howards," and in 1920 this was made its official name. It derives from Sir Charles Howard, who was its colonel from 1738 to 1748, and the green facing of the uniforms. In the last war it had 24 battalions.

Royal Norfolk Regt.

The Green Howards, who have already fought in France, are here seen manning Bren guns in one of the thousands of blockhouses on the Home Front, prepared to receive the Nazi invaders. In the circle other men of the regiment, also armed with Bren guns, are jumping into an anti-aircraft post.



Men of the Norfolk Regiment are seen left moving up a communication trench, now a not unusual feature of the landscape in some parts of Britain, to attack an "enemy" pill box. Above, they have arrived in the forward trench and are preparing to make their last dash forward towards their objective.

Photos, British Official: Crown Copyright

A Dutchman Sees Life In Hitler's Navy

This first-hand account of conditions in the German Navy has been written by a young Dutchman who served some time on the "Scharnhorst" and "was given hell" on the "Deutschland." We have his name—but in view of his concluding remarks it may be as well not to mention it!

I GOT into Hitler's Navy by accident, and I got out of it by sheer good luck. What happened between those events is a story that will remain seared in my memory till my dying day.

The sea is in my blood, for I'm a Netherlander, born in Rotterdam; and that is how I first met tough old Captain Scharf, of the German Merchant Service. He gave me my first job at sea, and two years later, when he became Commander of the S.S. "Europa," I was given my first full-time job on the famous Nazi liner.

I wanted action; the life aboard the "Europa" was dull. Capt. Scharf's Oberliet-zur-See suggested that I should apply to be transferred to Naval duties at Kiel. They were short of men (this was in 1937, at the height of the Nazi naval rebuilding boom), and my Dutch nationality was not thought likely to be a bar.

It was not. Within ten days I was enrolled as one of the "Gefolgschaft" (worker-followers) at the Deutsche Werke, largest of the State naval shipbuilding yards at Kiel. They paid me 62 pfennigs an hour, and six marks a week had to go in compulsory contributions—Nazi Party, Winter Relief, Sick Fund, and so on. Each Saturday I drew the equivalent of £1 8s. for a week of 50 hours!

They put me on assembling gun-turrets and electrical gun controls for 14-inch guns—heavy work that brought some fifty of us to a take-it-easy strike stage. There was a row. An appeal was made to Admiral Heusinger von Waldegg, the Krupps expert who tries to combine the extreme jobs of being "workers' trustee" on the shipyard Union list, and of being Chairman of the Deutsche Werke board!

Admiral von Waldegg solved our troubles in a way typical of this crafty old sea-dog. He agreed with us that conditions were tough at Deutsche Werke, as there was such a big rearmament drive, but suggested that we should go along to the Germania shipyards, also in Kiel, as there were better jobs going.

We went—only to discover that Admiral von Waldegg is also boss of the Germania Yards—and that as "temporarily unclassified" workers we should be de-graded to a rate of only 50 pf. an hour!

Some of my mates took jobs at this sweat-shop rate, but as I knew the most popular young "Leutnant-zur-See" aboard the "Scharnhorst," I spent a night in the docks and then set off on a hike for Stettin (a walk about as far as from Manchester to London), and waited for my "Leutnant-zur-See" pal to come ashore.

My last few marks were spent in a cheering kümmel with him at the Hotel Bismarck, and so my first Navy job was sealed! While the "Scharnhorst" was at the Stettin naval base I was to study at the Kiel "Marineschule," and by the time the "Scharnhorst" set off on manoeuvres I would be a fully-fledged member of the "Reichskriegsmarine" (Navy, to you!).

I sat down and studied with 80 other lads—some tough U-boat chaps up for a refresher course, a few young "Vollmatrose" ("A.B.s") from the "Graf Spee" . . . my particular pal being a certain Hans Munschmeyer, whose father fought in the Great War alongside von Spee himself, and was killed in the battle of the Falkland Isles. We little dreamed then that the "Graf Spee" would meet a similar fate. In less than two months I did a "crammer" course on Nazi Navy material.

Pay was nil; pocket-money and beer-allowance equal to about 1s. 8d. a week. We got up at 6.0 each morning, learned every jerk in the "Exerzierreglement" (drill book), worked all day on naval technical stuff, seamanship and gunnery, and then sang ourselves to sleep at nights with Nazi marching-songs and their rather bawdy Naval versions!

During my first trip in the "Scharnhorst" we were on manoeuvres for nearly two months off southern Norway and the North Sea. They soon nicknamed me a "Meckerer"—"grouser" (literally one who bleats like a goat), but I wasn't by any means the only grumbler aboard the "Scharnhorst."

We worked 10-hour shifts except when there was gunnery practice, when it was nothing to be on duty for nearly 14 hours at a stretch. We slept eight in a tiny cabin aft, and at over 15 knots it was almost impossible to sleep owing to the thump in the screw-shaftings. Food was plentiful, but spoiled by bad cooking; we did, however, get more fresh meat than I have ever seen before or since in naval or civilian centres of Germany, and as the refrigerators of the "Scharnhorst" are fairly small we didn't carry a lot of old stock.

These young German sailors are in the big classroom at the Kiel Marineschule (Naval School), where new recruits receive part of their training and men already trained take advanced courses. *Photo, Keystone*

There were Gestapo men aboard the "Scharnhorst." Some were junior officers, some were just ordinary "Vollmatrose" like myself. If there was any critical talk of the Nazi Party in the wardroom, or if any of the A.B.s like myself happened to criticize the news we got over the radio, somebody was sure to sneak on us as not being a good "Volksgenosse," that is, a "Comrade of the Nation." Sudden disappearances of men, or transference of officers, were often due to Gestapo spying. I learned to keep my mouth shut.

I helped to scrub and polish the decks and fittings, and when duty took me up on the control top, the tripod foremast or under the barbettes, I took no interest in the officers' business. The only pals I had were aboard the "Emden," at present the only medium-class cruiser of the Nazi Navy left afloat. The others, the "Nurnberg," "Leipzig," "Köln," "Königsberg" and "Karlsruhe," all now at the bottom, all carried chaps who had studied and worked at Kiel with me. We were all young. Average age aboard the "Scharnhorst" was 22.

After a brief period on the aircraft-carrier "Graf Zeppelin," where I learned to fly a twin-engined Messerschmitt, I was suddenly, for purposes of discipline, transferred to the "Deutschland" (since renamed "Lützow"). There was an impression that the Naval authorities wanted to tighten up on discipline. As I see it now, plans were already then being made for composite action of Navy and Luftwaffe in readiness for the Norwegian campaign.

We were given hell on the "Deutschland." Each Oberliet-zur-See had been given special instructions to see that we were worked to breakdown pitch. Our quarters were worse than on the "Scharnhorst," and for a whole week I had to sleep on deck by the "Katapultflugzeug" (catapult-plane), despite the bitter cold.

Then came the River Plate battle. In the Reichskriegsmarine we heard the news first, and it caused a tremendous tightening up of discipline. The "higher-ups" must also have known about the coming Norway action, for training was intensified.

Those freezing nights on deck, combined with the fact that I was getting too much starchy food and little red meat, gave me a bad cold, and then pneumonia. I came back in a Swedish tramp-steamer, and at Kiel was given a 10-day travel pass with "Auf Krankenurlaub" (on sick-leave) printed across it in red. That pass gave me free travel to the Dutch border, and within five hours I was back safe in Rotterdam. I've over-stayed my "Krankenurlaub" by months, but as I'm not going to be fool enough to go back into Hitler's Navy, I'll let Admiral Raeder worry about my desertion!

E-Boats Will Do No Better Than U-Boats

At sea several of the crew of a Nazi motor torpedo-boat are look-out men, watching for some suitable prey not too well guarded. The men at left have just sighted a promising target. Speed and shallow draught are the greatest assets of these small craft, and their object is to dash in towards the quarry, fire their torpedoes and retreat as fast as possible. "Full speed ahead" is the order, and below one of these German motor torpedo-boats is seen going "all out" at about forty knots, making a wake that rises above the stern.

AT the outbreak of war Germany had a comparatively small number of motor torpedo-boats, but, as they can be built far more cheaply and more quickly than submarines, she speeded up construction of an improved design known as E-boats or "Night Hawks." These craft were active in the Channel from July 1940 onwards, but there is good reason to believe the Royal Navy has got the mastery of this latest menace. The E-boats carry a crew of 19 officers and men. Besides torpedoes they are armed with 1½-in. automatic shell guns, and they have a range of about 600 miles. They are very low in the water and therefore difficult to spot from a distance, but can sight even a small coasting steamer long before they themselves can be observed. E-boats are driven by Diesel engines, which, when they are going at full speed, make a roar that can be heard far off, but at low speeds are almost inaudible.

While a motor torpedo-boat approaches its quarry a man stands by each torpedo tube ready to fire when the signal is given; in the circle is one of them with his hand poised above the lever that operates the torpedo. Above some of the Nazi E-boats are seen at their moorings in a German harbour.

Photos, Fox and International Graphic Press

African Soldiers Are Proud to Fight for

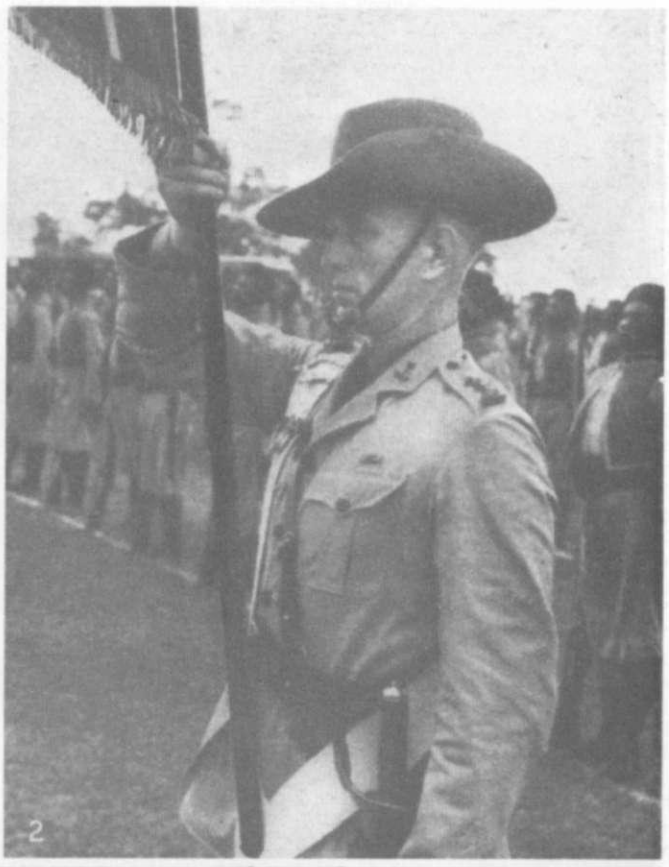
(1) A typical N.C.O. of the Gold Coast Regiment. Promotion fills native soldiers with intense pride.

(2) An officer carries the Colour of a battalion of the Gold Coast Regiment at the opening of the 1940 session of the Legislative Council.

(3) This drum-major of the Sierra Leone Battalion is proud of his gorgeous uniform.

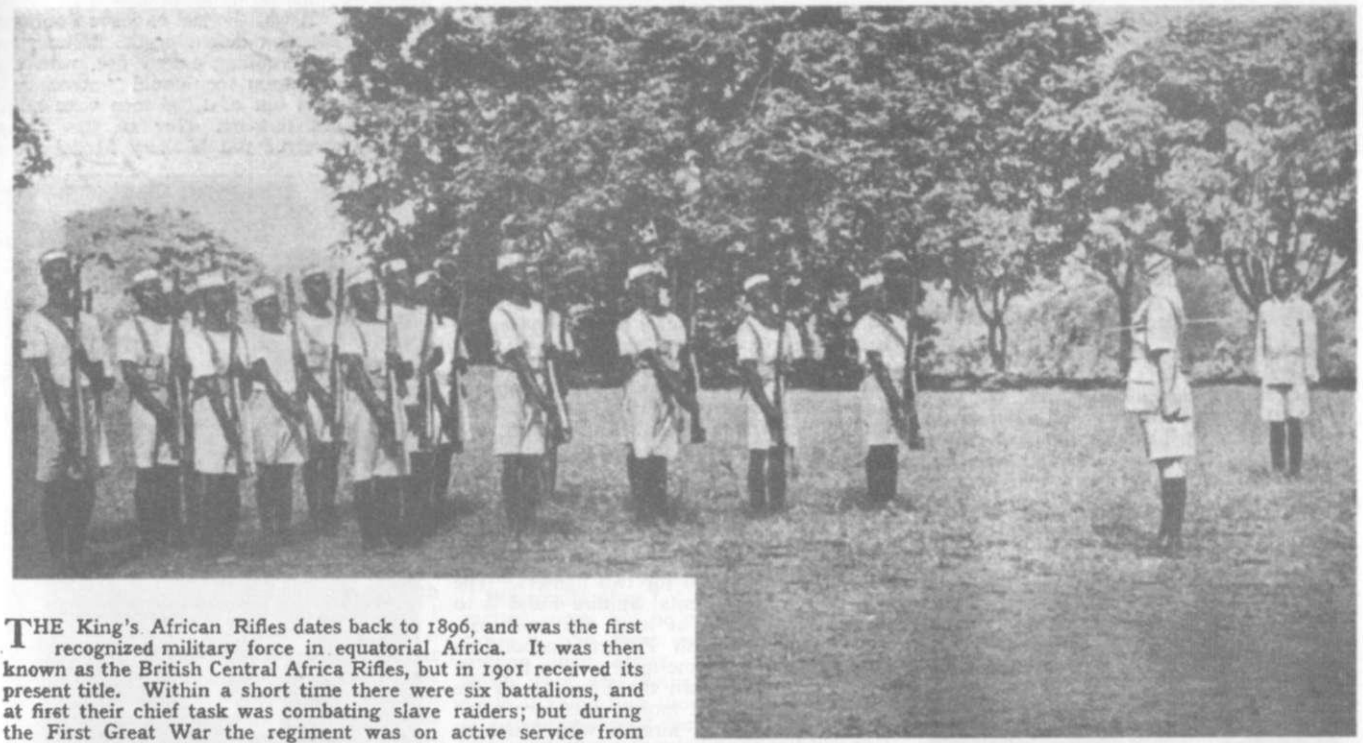
(4) Men of the same battalion marching through Freetown. Despite their smart appearance all the men are barefoot, for the native African soldier does not take kindly to boots.

Photos, Lubinski

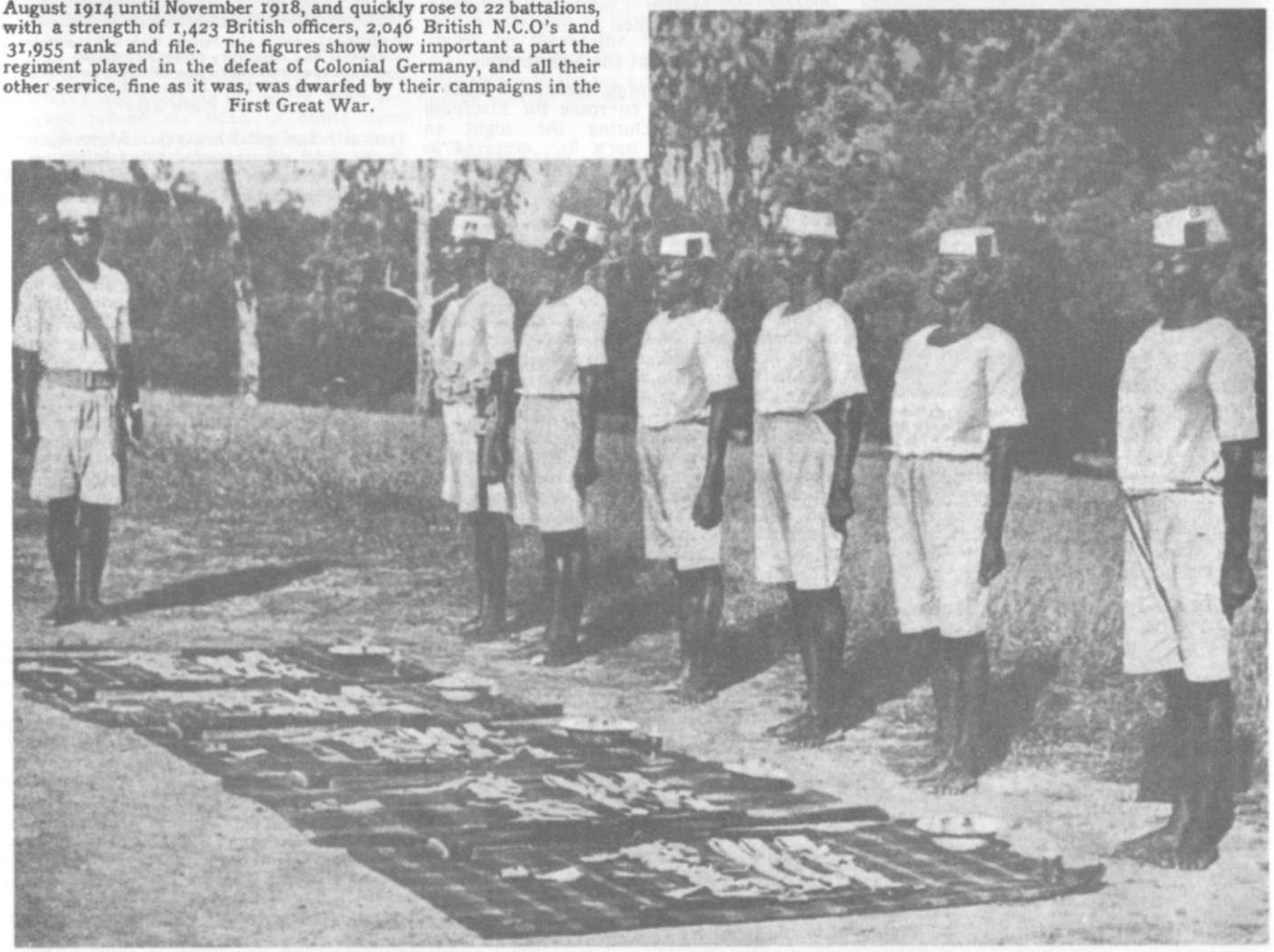


THERE are two separate forces of native troops in the British African Colonies—the Royal West African Frontier Force, men of which are seen in this page, and the King's African Rifles, seen opposite. The Royal West African Frontier Force consists of the Nigeria Regiment, the Gold Coast Regiment, the Sierra Leone Battalion and the Gambia Company. The Force was originally constituted in 1899, and is controlled by the Colonial Office and the War Office, the officers being chosen from the British Army. At the outbreak of war the Nigeria Regiment numbered five battalions of infantry, two batteries of artillery, a company of engineers and a signal section, while the Gold Coast Regiment consisted of three battalions of infantry, a battery of artillery and a signal section. Both regiments fought with gallantry in the African campaigns of the last war, and have now crossed Africa to fight again on the eastern side.

King and Country, for Empire and Freedom



THE King's African Rifles dates back to 1896, and was the first recognized military force in equatorial Africa. It was then known as the British Central Africa Rifles, but in 1901 received its present title. Within a short time there were six battalions, and at first their chief task was combating slave raiders; but during the First Great War the regiment was on active service from August 1914 until November 1918, and quickly rose to 22 battalions, with a strength of 1,423 British officers, 2,046 British N.C.O's and 31,955 rank and file. The figures show how important a part the regiment played in the defeat of Colonial Germany, and all their other service, fine as it was, was dwarfed by their campaigns in the First Great War.



Men of the King's African Rifles pride themselves on their smartness and discipline, and these two photographs show men of the Nyasaland battalion. Top, a class for non-commissioned officers is at drill, while in the lower photograph men in fatigue uniform are drawn up for a kit inspection. A high authority has said of the African troops that "the fighting qualities are uniformly good whatever the regiment."

Photos, Topical

OUR SEARCHLIGHT ON THE WAR NEWS

New York Backs R.A.F.

ON August 9 and 12, the days following the great aerial battles in the Channel, all the New York papers gave pride of place to reports from London, acclaiming on their front pages Britain's mastery in the air, rushing out new editions as more details became available, and making use of every word of the rather scrappy information which was all that their London correspondents could send them at the time. The German versions of the same engagements, with their fantastic lists of successes, were, significantly enough, relegated to inside pages.

His Life to Save Others

HAD he baled out when his stricken machine caught fire during the great air battle of August 8, Flying-Officer D. N. Grice might have saved his own life. But in that case the burning 'plane would have crashed over houses in the centre of the town. Instead, this heroic pilot stuck to his controls, skimmed over the roof-tops, losing height all the time, turned the machine with consummate skill to avoid a building on the cliff edge, and finally crashed in the sea 50 yards from the water's edge. When, a few minutes later, motor launches reached the spot, they found only burnt-out wreckage.

Flying-Officer D. N. Grice, who so gallantly sacrificed his life, had been married only nine months. His home is at Ealing, and the Mayor of the Borough has opened a fund to provide a memorial. *Photo, Associated Press*

In the President's Bad Books

AFTER being publicly reprimanded by Mr. Sumner Welles, U.S. Acting Secretary of State, for an indiscreet interview given in London to the Press Association on August 6, Mr. John W. Cudahy, American Ambassador to Belgium, was summoned home by President Roosevelt and left England on August 10.

Mr. Cudahy had defended King Leopold's decision to surrender, saying that it would be applauded when the truth was known. He stated that the Belgians' supply of wheat would last until the middle of September or early October, and that Britain should lift the blockade to prevent famine. But what caused particular resentment in the States was a comparison he made between German and American soldiers which was unfavourable to the latter. Mr. Welles declared that Mr. Cudahy had given the interview "in violation of standing instructions of the State Department," and that his views "must not be construed as representing the views of the Government."

'The Pilots We Cannot Replace'

SO said Mr. Garfield Weston, M.P. for Macclesfield, on August 9, as he handed to the Minister for Aircraft Production a cheque for £100,000 to cover the cost of replacing sixteen Hurricanes and Spitfires lost in the previous day's great air battle over the Channel. The pilots, indeed, cannot be replaced, but their successors can avenge them if the 'planes are forthcoming, and this point is being increasingly appreciated by the British people. Mr. Weston's splendid gift is one of many devoted to the same end. On July 28 Lord Beaverbrook announced that he had received over £2,000,000 from the public for the purchase of aircraft, and every day gifts both large and small pour in to him. The city of Worcester recently subscribed £10,000 for two fighter aircraft. Richmond, Surrey, has opened a Spitfire fund; Hendon, Middlesex, intends to raise £20,000 to buy four Hurricanes; Portsmouth has collected £11,000 for two fighters. The aim of the Newsagents' Spitfire Fund is to defray the cost of at least one squadron. The Gaumont-British Picture Corporation has launched a scheme to provide a flight of three Spitfires. From the Empire and the Colonies come great money gifts earmarked for the purchase of aircraft with which to protect the Mother Country and, through her, their own existence.

G-Men Hunt the Saboteurs

THE Norwegian cargo steamer "Lista" left New York en route for Liverpool on August 7. During the night an explosion, followed by a fire, occurred in her hold, and a tug, urgently summoned, beached her in flames near the entrance to the Ambrose Channel in New York harbour. The Federal Bureau of Investigation, popularly known as the G-men, started investigations into the cause of the fire, which, it is suspected, was the result of an incendiary bomb planted by Nazi agents.

This treacherous attack on a small merchant vessel gives point to the disclosures made two days earlier to President Roosevelt by Mr. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-men, on acts of sabotage against the U.S. defence programme. These included the putting of emery dust in aeroplane engines and scrap metal in naval vessel engines. It was reported that the bureau had handled 16,885 cases of sabotage since the European war broke out, and a strong warning was given to every American city to examine its utility undertakings and to ensure their protection against subversive agents whose plans, it had been discovered, included many terrible means of creating destruction.

Lord Milne and A.M.P.C.

THE Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, whose G.O.C. is, appropriately enough, Major-General L. W. Amps, was formed in November 1939 to carry out manual work not done by civilians. It is composed largely of old soldiers of the 1914-1918 war, and younger men with slight physical defects which make them unfit for front-line service. Since its inception it has developed into a combatant corps, being armed with rifles and bayonets as well as with mattocks, picks and spades. We have already called attention to the magnificent work and courage of this valuable auxiliary (*see* Vol. 1, p. 501, and Vol. 2, pp. 233, 467, 596, 656), of which Field-Marshal Lord Milne was appointed Colonel Commandant on July 2. On August 5 he inspected a group of Amps which became famous in the battles of Flanders. It was the last to leave Boulogne on May 24, after defending the harbour for days, under gruelling enemy fire, with any and every weapon they could "scrounge." Five hundred out of 1,100 men were killed or reported missing. One of this group recently received the Military Medal for a typical act of great bravery. Major-General Amps, who accompanied Lord Milne on his visit to the camp, was a colonel of the Buffs in the last war, when he was awarded the V.C.

Field-Marshal Lord Milne, Colonel Commandant of the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, is here seen talking to one of the men engaged in heavy work. Lord Milne is 73 years of age. *Photo, Planet News*

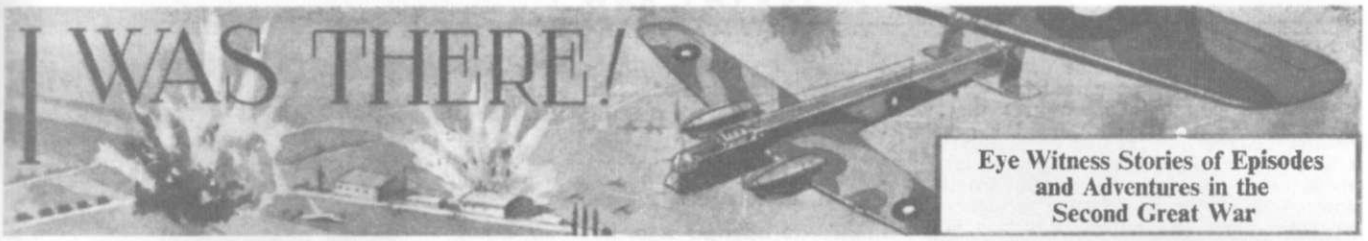
Haw Haw's Understudy

AN American journalist, Mr. Warren Irvin, recently returned from Berlin, has made some interesting revelations about Berlin's English radio announcers. It seems that in the waiting-room of the broadcasting station were caricatures of various speakers, including one of the British Fascist, William Joyce, better known here as Lord Haw Haw. After the latter's identity had been exposed another announcer, whose mother is English and father German, was told "You had better be Lord Haw Haw tonight." At least two other Britons are employed at the Nazi station, but their names were carefully concealed, and in front of neutrals they always struggled along in faulty German.

Australian Flying Calamity

TRAGEDY smote Australia on August 13, when an aeroplane which was carrying three members of the Commonwealth Cabinet and the Chief of the Army General Staff crashed on the point of landing at Canberra. The ten occupants of the aircraft, all of whom were killed, were Brigadier G. A. Street, Minister of the Army; Mr. J. V. Fairbairn, Air Minister; Sir Henry Gullett, Vice-President of the Executive Council; General Sir Cyril Brudenell White, Chief of the Australian General Staff; Lieut.-Colonel Francis Thornthwaite, a Staff officer; Mr. R. E. Elford, secretary to Mr. Fairbairn; and an R.A.A.F. crew of four.

The 'plane was a Lockheed-Hudson bomber, used because the party, which had flown from Melbourne for a Cabinet meeting, was larger than could be contained in the machine ordinarily used. This disaster is a grievous blow to Mr. Menzies' Government.



My Squadron Shot 21 Nazis in One Day

A dramatic account of one of the three big air battles in the Channel on August 8, August 11 and August 12 was given by a flight commander whose squadron had shot down no fewer than 32 enemy aircraft during these engagements. He was himself shot down on the morning of August 12, the day on which he broadcast his adventures. Here is the fighter pilot's story in his own words.

THE other flight of my squadron took off at half-past eight the other morning to patrol the convoys sailing down the Channel south of the Isle of Wight. My flight took off shortly after that. We were lucky to find that the first two formations of dive bombers, Junkers 87, were left to us. We went straight at them; some of them turned back at once, but others went on to the convoy and attacked. We shot up a few of the bombers, and then got mixed up with their escorting Messerschmitt 109s. I remember seeing two of them, about a quarter of a mile away, coming straight at me at sixteen thousand feet. Suddenly, for no reason at all, one of them did a half-roll and went straight down. I followed, but although I had not fired at him, and so far as I could see no one else did either, he went straight into the sea. It just looked as though he committed suicide. I was so astonished that I could not believe my eyes.

While I was watching for others, there was a crash behind my head; a bullet came through my hood, passed through the back of my helmet, tore through the back of my goggles, and—before I knew where I was—the hood had flown back and my goggles had disappeared. After that, all we could see were enemy bombers and fighters going like mad for home.

The squadron got six bombers and three fighters, for certain, and six others were damaged at that time. I, myself, got one fighter. The balloons which the convoy carried (see illustration page 175) had certainly put the dive bombers off their stroke.

Later, the whole squadron was sent up to investigate a raid off Beachy Head. We went up to more than twenty thousand feet and saw at between thirty thousand and thirty-five thousand feet no fewer than thirty-six Messerschmitt 110s. They swung round and returned towards France when they saw us, and as we were unable to reach them, we turned, and were then told over the radio telephone that a battle was going on south of the Isle of Wight. We had fifty miles to go to the convoy. I myself led the three machines in my section to a point well south of the island. There we saw two separate squadrons of Messerschmitt 110s.

Something went wrong with my radio set; I could hear the squadron leader calling: "Where are they?" knowing that I had spotted some, but he could not receive my message. So there were the three of us, circling high above the Messerschmitts, which were now flying in an uncompleted circle at about four thousand feet. We were at sixteen thousand feet. I was curious to know why they were circling round like that, and we decided to have a crack. We went down on them; the Messerschmitt which was at the end of the circling line of fighters was shot into the sea immediately. Well, we broke up that happy little circle quite effectively; all three of us got at least one. I think we must have taken them by surprise.

We started climbing again, but after a minute I thought I would like to go back and find out what was happening. I flew over another circle of enemy fighters for about five minutes, until they had all cleared off. Then I went down, and saw one of their pilots in the water. He was easy to see, for all around him was a big patch of green vapour, a special method used by the Germans when they get into the water. It shows their friends where they are—you can see the green vapour five miles away.

While I was investigating this I was attacked by a Messerschmitt 110 which I suppose I had overlooked. I skidded round and climbed for him, but he broke away to my left. I was still turning, and at about a thousand feet I stalled. He was right in my gun-sight. I just gave him a quick burst—he heeled over and went straight into the sea, and broke up. He was really a sitting bird. Then we went home.

Our day's bag by then was fourteen enemy aircraft, and in the third action of that day we made it up to twenty-one. Our squadron's score must now be well over seventy. We shot down our first enemy on May 22nd—until then we hadn't had any luck, but by the end of the Dunkirk show our score was about thirty.

Coming Back From Kiel Our Bomber Sank

The announcement by the Air Ministry that "one of our aircraft failed to return" does not always mean that the crew are lost. It frequently happens that, as related in the following story by a sergeant-pilot, the airmen are picked up by Naval units and reach their bases safely.

THE sergeant-pilot of a bomber said: We had been attacking Kiel, and had spent some 90 minutes over our target, flying most of the time through a very hot barrage. The shells, which were bursting right above us, showered above the aircraft rather like golden rain.

After hitting our objective with our bombs, we started for home, but unfortunately we ran into thick fog, so we climbed above the clouds. Just after dawn broke we came below the clouds again to find that we were still over the sea. The petrol was almost exhausted, and first one and then the other engine petered out, and there was nothing for it but to alight on the water.

We glided down from 3,500 feet, but with visibility patchy and extending sometimes to only about 50 yards, we realized that we were likely to spend an unpleasantly long time in the dinghy.

When we were about 100 feet up I saw a

Hitler hopes that the intensive bombardment of Britain will shake the morale of the people, but this photograph does not suggest that anyone is "nervy." It was taken at Berwick, between Eastbourne and Lewes, on the morning after an aerial battle during which a Messerschmitt had been brought down in a cornfield. The young people, who must have heard the aerial combat and perhaps the sound of bombs, have evidently no feeling but curiosity about this 'plane that should have terrorized them. *Photo, Associated Press*

I WAS THERE!

naval trawler, and we came down about a mile from her. As we passed her we tried to indicate by pointing seawards that we were coming down and wanted her help. At first the crew thought that we were giving a low-flying exhibition and they were taken aback when we hit the water. Coming down was rather like hitting a concrete pavement, and the impact knocked both engines off the machine.

The aircraft went under water, but came up again within a second or two, with the cockpits half full. The crew had been standing by and in a few moments they had launched a dinghy and got aboard it. I jumped into the sea, and then, pushing the dinghy away from the aircraft, which threatened to sink at any moment, I swam behind it for a short distance after which the other fellows hauled me in.

In a few minutes the trawler's lifeboat was heading towards us and soon we were on board the ship. The crew lent us an assortment of clothes while ours were drying against the funnel, and I got the skipper's socks.

Later we steamed right over an enemy magnetic minefield. A naval patrol vessel hailed our skipper and asked him if he realized that he was right on top of it.

"Of course I do, but it doesn't bother us," reported the skipper nonchalantly through his megaphone. We arrived back at our base still wearing our motley collection of borrowed garments, part R.A.F., part Naval and part civilian.

Our Gunners Fought Waist-Deep in Water

The 17,000-ton "Scotstoun" (once the Anchor Line "Caledonia") was on the North Atlantic patrol when she was torpedoed and sunk on June 13. The story of her last hour, reprinted from "Life," is told here by a member of the crew, Signalman Ronald Gold, who pays special tribute to the gallantry of his gunner shipmates.

THE first torpedo which struck the "Scotstoun" shattered the steering gear and screws, rendering the ship helpless. It also ripped open the after-hold, and wrecked the wireless aerial.

Signalman Ronald Gold said he was immediately ordered to run up as many ensigns as he could. He went on:

Getting up an ensign on each available mast is always a first step when a warship goes into action. The ensign goes up and stays up till the ship goes down. We get as many up as we can in case some get shot away. I got three ensigns hoisted on the foremast, mainmast and on the gaff aft. It wasn't easy, because the radio aerial was in a tangle on the decks and the aftermast was leaning over all skew-whiff.

Then I reported back to the bridge. From the bridge and in between my jobs I had a good view of the action spot, and from the other signalman I learned a lot about the beginning of it.

Nobody seemed to have spotted the source of the attack before the first torpedo struck. Then two ocean-going U-boats were discovered far out on the starboard quarter, their periscopes barely feathering the sea's spume that overlaid the heavy swell.

The alarm sounded immediately on the klaxons, and a few minutes later our 6-inch and stern high-angle guns began their uproar. The ship lay wallowing in the trough of the swells—a wide-open target—and torpedo after torpedo came at her from the hidden submarines, which, however, were kept at a distance by our gun barrage.

The gun crews could see the torpedoes coming at them so, throughout the action, one of the stern high-angle guns, depressed to its lowest point, was actually firing at the torpedoes and diverted several from their course. I myself observed at least six bounce out of the water and go speeding harmlessly past the ship.

I saw the marvellous high-angle gun on the stern hard at it pumping shot in front of the torpedo wakes which were coming at us now and again.

And I saw something else. Just as I got to the bridge I saw a radio operator coming down from the broken aftermast. Somehow he had managed to climb up that mast and re-rig the aerial, and now he was racing towards the radio cabin. I learned afterwards that within three minutes of reaching the radio room he had managed to get a code message over. Those three minutes helped to save us, because a minute later the last two torpedoes hit us, wrecking the radio apparatus and the aerial—for good this time.

The next minutes are a bit of a blank, with the ship going over further the whole time. But I remember watching the water creep up round one of the gun crews hard at work on a 6-incher.

First knee deep, then waist deep in water, they held the shells high above their heads as they fed their gun. Then, as the increasing angle of the sinking ship put the gun out of action, they went and helped at another.

It's not my job to dish out praise, but I thought those men were great. All of them had seen the wrecked radio aerial and knew that they had little hope of assistance or rescue. They didn't know that a message had got through.

They were hundreds of miles away from the steamship lanes, and over a week's boat journey away from the nearest land. British warships were unlikely to visit the area and the relief vessel on this beat was not due for a long time. But they kept on.

Then, as gun after gun was submerged, the order came: "Abandon ship."

I saw the captain come out of the control tower and stalk down the starboard wing of the bridge and stare along the side. He was hatless, his white hair blowing about in the wind. We waited, but we weren't surprised when he half turned around and said over his shoulder: "Take to the boats." The message was passed on, and one after another the gun crews went to their boat stations or slid over the side on to rafts.

But the stern high-angle gun kept on to the end with the corpses of two of its crew who had been killed during the first explosion washing about in the waves at its base. At length that stopped, and survivors climbed up the steeply sloping deck and joined the captain, the doctor, the chief gunnery instructor and the rest of us on the bridge.

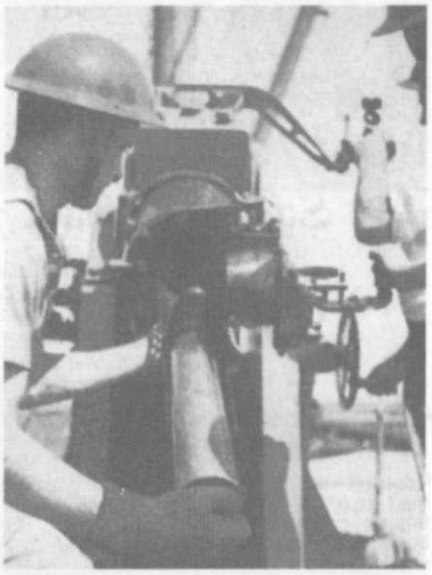
The "killick" (Navy slang for petty-officer, so-called from the anchor, or killick, he wears on his sleeve badge) came out with the confidential code books and handed some to me. It was his responsibility to see that these books went to the bottom. Before I left the bridge I heard the captain say to the other officers: "Well, I don't think we have done so badly, gentlemen. We've still got three ensigns up and the guns going to the last."

From my boat I saw the captain holding grimly on to the bridge rail, and heard him order the other officers over the side. But at a nod from the first lieutenant the little group seized him by the arms and plunged with him down the sloping bridge and into the water, where a boat picked them up.

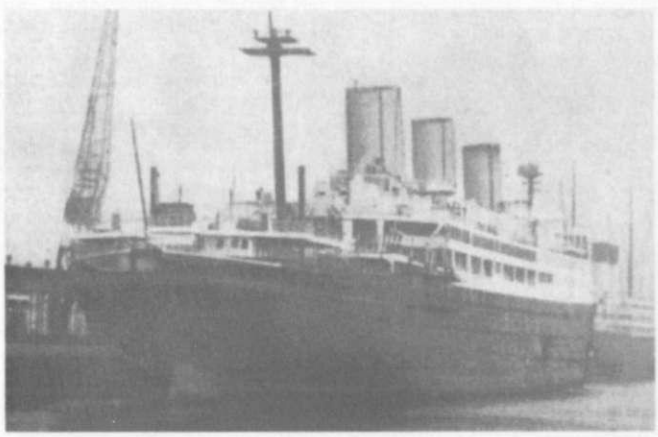
Some of the men were singing as we pulled away to watch the "Scotstoun" go down. The lieutenant in my boat stood up and called for three cheers for her. Those who could stand up cheered, and I could hear those in the other boats and rafts do the same. Then she was gone.

Just after midday a Coastal Command 'plane appeared, circled over us twice, and then flashed with an Aldis lamp: "Cheer up, there's a destroyer coming."

It arrived, and I have never seen anything so neat and quick as the way it got us aboard. Rope ends came down and the sailors simply yanked us on deck like fish.



The highest courage and first-rate marksmanship have been shown by the men who man the guns of merchant ships. Here some of them are loading a 12-pounder gun.
Photo, Fred. G. Shaw



The "Scotstoun" is here seen in harbour when as the Anchor liner, "Caledonia," she sailed as a merchant ship. Ships of the Anchor Line in peacetime plied on the North Atlantic and to the East.
Photo, Wide World

I WAS THERE!

My Day Over The Mediterranean

The thrills and dangers of a British air patrol in the Mediterranean—a typical day's work for the men who keep the sea clear for the convoys—are vividly depicted in the following story by Alexander Clifford, "Daily Mail" special correspondent, who accompanied the crew of an R.A.F. flying-boat on patrol.

WE made an early take-off. The sun was rising as we began to scour miles of the motionless Mediterranean for enemy submarines and shipping. As we approached Sicily, with Etna looming in the background, we spotted something.

The pilot swung the machine towards it, and the something took shape as an escorted water-carrying vessel of the sort Mussolini uses for supplying his troops in Libya.

Our crew were at action stations. I was holding my breath. The flying-boat went into a steep dive. Three bombs went screaming down. The sea swirled up in foam as they dropped immediately behind the vessel's stern. The smaller escorting ships went scurrying away.

It was only a few minutes after this that we were first attacked. I knew nothing until a noise like violent typewriters suddenly broke out all over the fuselage of our 'plane. Tumblers leaped from their rack and burst about my ears. Something ripped through the seat of my shorts. Whether it was a bullet or a splinter of glass I did not look to see.

Bullets pinged around me. I tore open the communicating door and looked aft. The Italian fighter which had attacked us was hurtling towards the blue sea in flames. But the rear gunner who had shot it down was slumped across his gun. Both our midships gunners had blood trickling down their legs.

Smoke was pouring up from where incendiary bullets had struck. I felt a spray of petrol in my face. For a minute it seemed that we were hopelessly afire.

"Get ready in case we have to bale out," said the navigator to me as we passed each other carrying extinguishers and tins of water.

We stamped and we doused and we managed to control the main outbursts. For some time after this we kept our eyes skinned for smoking rags and cushions.

We moved the wounded forward and bound up their injuries. Fortunately they had only flesh wounds in the legs.

There was urgent work to be done everywhere. And we were still flying along the coast of Sicily, where Mussolini's fighter squadrons are based.

The fitter, who had now manned the rear gun turret, waved to me. Our rudder mechanism was damaged. I clambered up to tell the pilot, but he already knew. He was using his engines to steer.

Then I took down a message for transmission to headquarters. But we could not send it. Our radio was soused with petrol, and we dared not risk a short-circuit. There were holes everywhere, but the machine kept flying on as though nothing had happened. The crew moved about their emergency duties completely calm.

Then came the next attack. I watched our gunners pumping bullets at Breda monoplanes as they swooped above us, soaring dizzily into the deep blue sky and diving down along our length with guns blazing.

I was too busy to count the number of attacks on our 'planes, but one enemy machine dived out of sight, apparently out of control. The gunner who shot him believes that he must have crashed.

When Malta came in sight the Italians were still attacking. But with all guns firing we made them keep their distance. No further damage was done. A bullet struck one of our gunners' goggles, but the glass did not break.

As the enemy 'planes finally sheered off back towards their bases, we set to work stopping holes in the hold preparatory to alighting on the sea.

We knew that our petrol and oil could not last much longer. With our hearts in our mouths we flew low over Malta's minefields and alighted safely.

The coolness of our pilot, the magnificent teamwork of our crew had saved our lives for all of us, and a costly flying boat for Britain.

Lance-Corporal John Lee Warner, whose story of his adventurous escape from France is told on this page, is here seen walking in London. *Photo, Planet News*

I Trekked Across France to Spain

On August 2, Lance-Corporal John Lee Warner, of the Queen's Royal Regiment, reached London from Lisbon in time to celebrate his 21st birthday. While with the B.E.F. he was captured by the Germans, and after escaping from them wandered for six weeks across France into Spain. Here is his story.

WE were stationed just north of Abbeville, and on Sunday, May 19, dug trenches all day. I was in charge of the forward section of the forward company for the battalion.

Next day the Germans bombed us regularly every hour. At 5.30 in the evening we got the "stand-by for immediate action," and half an hour later the German tanks arrived. From that minute hell was let loose. It is a curious sensation to have these tanks firing at you. You hear a crack and then the shrapnel flies.

In my section of 11 men only two were wounded, but after two hours of this I decided to send a man back to see what we should do. He returned to say there was no platoon headquarters and no company headquarters. They had gone without being able to get word up to us.

I decided to withdraw, and we crept away, harassed all the time by snipers.

That night we hid in a barn, and when things had got a little quiet I went out to have a look round. In the village I found an abandoned lorry. We cranked it up and set off in the direction of Abbeville.

Suddenly ahead a red light flashed. I thought it was our rearguard and pulled up.

A man jumped on the running-board and held a Tommy-gun at my head. I switched on the lights. He was a Jerry, and ahead, stretched out as far as we could see, were two columns of German tanks.

I decided to surrender. I felt I was the biggest fool in the Army, until next morning we were joined by 10,000 French and 1,200 British prisoners.

We marched off in columns of three with six men and two lorries mounted with machine-guns to act as guards. All the way along the road men were making their escape by jumping into the hedges as we turned a corner, but I felt too sick to try anything.

Eventually we got to Beaucourt-sur-Ancre and by this time I was fed up and damned hungry, for we got little, if anything, to eat. It was decided to park us there for the night and move on next morning.

Prisoners were still being brought in and one of these was wearing civilian clothes. I made a bargain with him and we swopped.

We were all in a wheat granary with plenty of haystacks about. I climbed to the top of one of these, made a hole six feet deep, and hid there. Next morning the troops moved off, and I had started on my escape with the advantage of civilian clothes.

This was May 27, and I made my way northwards towards Dunkirk, because we heard stories about what was going on there. Eventually I came across a small house beside the railway line near Arras, broke in and rested up there, eating all the food I could lay hands on.

On the sixth day there I heard a knock on the door and saw a Jerry. He asked me where my wife was. I said she had gone into Arras because she was afraid of the bombs. He could speak less French than I could, so I got away with it, but he ordered me to go to Arras and get her.

Next day I stuck a notice on the door saying I had gone to Arras and would be back in two days.

I made my way to Etaples and there a man gave me a bike which proved a godsend. I was trying for the coast and a boat, but failed to get a boat at either Boulogne or Calais. Then someone stole my bike, so I hiked back to Etaples and went across to Le Touquet.

When sleeping in an empty house there, some Germans entered and arrested me. I was threatened by the military commandant to be shot as a spy, because I was still in the clothes of a French workman.

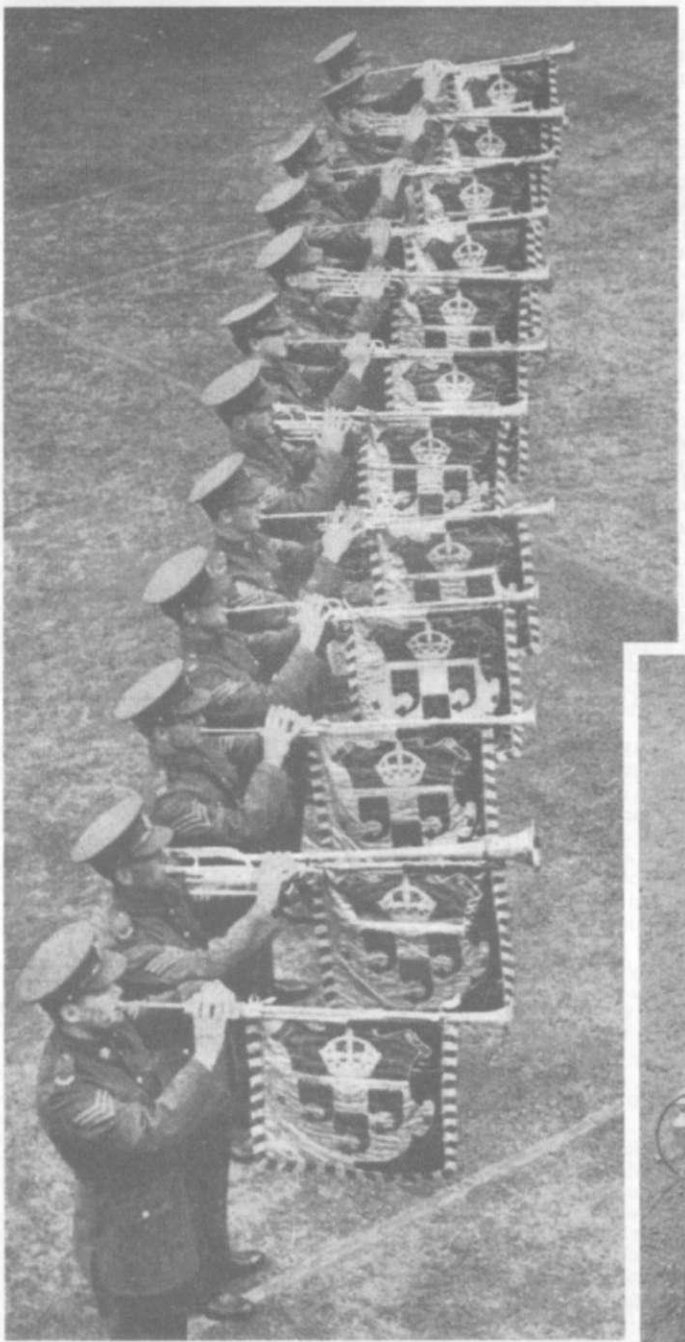
The commandant got so mad with me that he kicked me down half a dozen steps, but that was the only time a German touched me. They put me in the backyard of a house with 18 other British and 80 French prisoners, but I escaped that night through a window which the guards had overlooked.

Then I made my way towards Spain and eventually got to the frontier. But I had no exit visa and was arrested by a gendarme. I told the chief of police my story, and he pointed out a way I could get across over the hills.

After that it was plain sailing. I got assistance from British Consuls, and reached London in time to celebrate my 21st birthday. ("*Evening News.*")

Let the Trumpets Sound, the Spirit-stirring Drum!

After months of "cold storage," military bands were allowed in July to make cheerful music again. At one of the R.A.F. stations members of several famous dance bands, some of whom are seen left, are to be found, and while they are being trained as service bandsmen they have formed a dance band, the "Squadronairs," for the station. Meanwhile, at Aldershot they are training other Army bandsmen, some of whom are seen "in action" below.



Instruction in every kind of musical instrument is given at the Royal School of Military Music. Here a fanfare is being played on the silver trumpets used at the Coronation, by men who have qualified as bandmasters, while the other pupil shown plays all these percussion instruments when the band gives a concert.

Photos, Sport and General, L.N.A., Fox

British Personalities of the War

Rt. Hon. Clement R. Attlee, P.C., M.P., who for some years has been the leader of the Labour Party in the House of Commons, is now achieving fresh distinction as Mr. Churchill's deputy. He is a member of the inner War Cabinet and holds the office of Lord Privy Seal. Born in 1883, he became secretary of Toynbee Hall and a lecturer at the London School of Economics. In the Great War he served in the South Lancashires and the Tank Corps in Gallipoli, Mesopotamia and France, and held the rank of major. He has represented Limehouse since 1922, and in Ramsay MacDonald's ministries was Under-Secretary of State for War, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster and Postmaster General.

Rt. Hon. Albert V. Alexander, P.C., M.P., is one of the Cooperative M.P.s, representing the Hillsborough division of Sheffield, and has often crossed swords with Lord Beaverbrook when the latter's newspapers have championed the small trader against the "Co-op." Now, however, they are on the best of terms, for Mr. Alexander, as First Lord of the Admiralty, wants 'planes for the Fleet Air Arm—and Lord Beaverbrook knows how to get them! He was born in 1885, and, unlike most cabinet ministers, has the distinction of being educated at an elementary school. He was First Lord of the Admiralty from 1929 to 1931, and Mr. Churchill put him back there in May 1940.

Mr. Frank Pick, who in August was appointed Director-General of the Ministry of Information, was until recently Vice-Chairman of the London Passenger Transport Board. Almost his whole working life, indeed, has been spent in the service of London Transport, for he joined the Underground Group in 1906 and for many years was Lord Ashfield's right-hand man. He, too, it was who put the travelling millions by 'bus and tube in his debt by making the posters things of beauty with their scenes of London's country.

Mr. W. G. Weston, M.P., on August 9 handed a cheque for £100,000 to Lord Beaverbrook, Minister for Aircraft Production, with the request that he should buy with it sixteen Hurricane or Spitfire fighters to replace those lost in the great battle above the Channel the day before. Born in Canada 42 years ago, he served in the Great War and then, returning to Canada, built up one of the biggest bakery firms in the Empire. In November 1939 he was returned unopposed as M.P. for Macclesfield.

Rt. Hon. Arthur Greenwood, P.C., M.P., as Minister without Portfolio is the member of the inner War Cabinet charged with the supervision of economic affairs—he presides over the Economic Policy Committee—and in this capacity he told the House of Commons on August 7 of the present position of the blockade. One of Labour's most trusted leaders, he was first elected to the House of Commons in 1922; in 1924 he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health, and from 1929 to 1931 was Minister of Health. Since 1932 he has represented Wakefield. In his earlier days he was lecturer in economics in the University of Leeds, and towards the end of the last War was Assistant Secretary of the Ministry of Reconstruction. He has written much on economic and social conditions.

Rt. Hon. Herbert S. Morrison, P.C., M.P., as Minister of Supply occupies one of the key posts in Mr. Churchill's win-the-war Government. He is a Londoner and was born in 1888, and from the elementary school he passed in rapid succession from errand boy to shop assistant, from telephone operator to newspaper circulation manager; then he entered London politics and as Secretary of the London Labour Party was organizer of the Labour triumph of 1934, which ended a long period of control by the Municipal Reformers. From 1934 until 1940 he was Leader of the Labour Party in the L.C.C. In the House of Commons he was elected for South Hackney in 1923, in 1929, and again in 1935. In Ramsay MacDonald's second Government he was Minister of Transport.

Photos, Central Press, Fox, Lafayette

OUR DIARY OF THE WAR

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1940 *340th Day*

On the Sea—Announced that British liner "Accra" was sunk off west coast of Eire when two U-boats attacked convoy on July 26. Nineteen persons missing. Both U-boats were destroyed.

Admiralty announced that H.M. minesweeping trawler "River Clyde" had been sunk by enemy mine.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombers made daylight raids on aerodromes at Cherbourg and Hamstede. At night bombers attacked Homburg oil plant, Kiel dockyard, store depots at Hamm, and aerodromes in N.W. Germany.

Skuas of Fleet Air Arm successfully bombed oil depot near Bergen.

War against Italy—No further enemy advance into British Somaliland.

R.A.F. bombed shipping and store buildings at Bardia, and submarine bases at Massawa.

Home Front—Raiders appeared during night over widespread areas in Britain, but damage from bombs dropped was slight.

Director-General of Ministry of Information, Sir Kenneth Lee, resigned. Mr. Frank Pick appointed to the post.

General—Agreement concluded between British Government and Gen. de Gaulle concerning organization, employment and conditions of service of French Volunteer Force in Britain.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 8 *341st Day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that H.M. submarine "Oswald" was overdue and must be presumed lost.

British liner "Kemmerdine" overdue and presumed lost.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombed aerodromes of Schiphol and Valkenburg. Coastal Command aircraft shot down a Messerschmitt off Le Havre.

Night raids made on Hamburg docks, supply depots at Hamm, Soest and Cologne. Mine-laying in enemy harbours and estuaries continued.

War against Italy—Enemy columns from Hargeisa and Oadwina, Somaliland, reported to be advancing northwards.

Big air battle over Sidi-Amar, Libya, when Gladiators engaged much larger force of Italian fighters. Fifteen of latter were destroyed. Two British aircraft missing.

Walrus aircraft of Fleet Air Arm, operating from H.M. Australian cruiser "Hobart," made dive-bombing attacks on Italian H.Q. at Zeila, causing damage and casualties.

Italian aircraft made unsuccessful bombing attacks on British warships in Gulf of Aden.

Home Front—Sixty-one raiders shot down in Channel during big air fight. Waves of German dive bombers attacked British convoy, considerably damaging several. Eighteen British aircraft down, but three of their pilots safe.

Air battle followed attacks by motor torpedo boats (E-boats), which sank three coastal vessels in a convoy. One E-boat sunk and another damaged.

Enemy aircraft dropped bombs over wide area of Britain. Little damage reported except from N.E. England, where a sanatorium and shop property suffered. There were a number of casualties.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 9 *342nd Day*

On the Sea—Norwegian steamer "Toran" reported sunk.

In the Air—R.A.F. attacked aerodrome at Guernsey, setting it on fire.

British bombers raided seaplane base at Poulmic, near Brest. Other aircraft fired Nazi oil tanks at Flushing and damaged works at Ludwigshaven and Cologne.

War against Italy—In Somaliland, enemy positions on Hargeisa-Jugargan road were attacked. Italian fighters raided Berbera.

R.A.F. attacked shipping in Tobruk harbour. Massawa was successfully bombed.

S. African Air Force bombed Neghelli aerodrome, Abyssinia, destroying two aircraft and damaging others.

Home Front—Single raider dropped bombs on N.E. coastal town, causing damage and casualties before being shot down.

Balloon barrage defences and S.E. coastal town attacked by German fighters with machine-guns.

During night raiders dropped bombs over many areas in England. In north-west they destroyed several houses and caused fatal casualties.

THE POETS & THE WAR

XXX

PERSONAL VALOUR

By V. Sackville-West

If once we feared that Fear itself might come,
A lodger with a retinue of slaves,
(Despair, misgiving, doubt, and other knaves)
To make within our soul their shameful home,
Like some dishonourable malady
Concealed from all but our own private knowing,
Our one concern that there should be no showing
Of fear of Fear, that worst worm enemy,

—Now that our danger rises like the sun
Chasing all thin confusing mists away,
How fine, how proud, our wings of courage sweep

Clear as a sea-gull for each separate one,
Poising ourselves above our island spray
Around the bastions of our lonely keep.

—*The Observer*

Rumania—Government agreed to cede part of the Dobruja to Bulgaria. Exchange of populations to involve transfer of 100,000 Rumanians.

General—War Office announced that British troops stationed in Shanghai and North China are being withdrawn for service elsewhere.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10 *343rd Day*

On the Sea—H. M. submarine "Odin" considerably overdue and presumed lost.

In the Air—R.A.F. made daylight attacks on enemy aerodromes in Holland and France, including Schiphol, Querqueville, Flushing, Caen, Dinard and Guernsey.

Night objectives included Hamburg docks, Wilhelmshaven, oil tanks at Frankfurt and Homburg, and supplies at Hamm and Soest.

War against Italy—Italian advance in Somaliland continued. French airmen reported to be taking part in R.A.F.'s operations in Africa. Italian aircraft raided Aden.

Home Front—Sporadic German raids reported in England and Wales. Twelve high explosive bombs dropped near town in S.E.

General—Syria closed frontier to British and other combatant subjects of military age.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 11 *344th Day*

On the Sea—Admiralty announced that Egyptian liner "Mahomed Ali El-Kebir" had been sunk by U-boat in Atlantic while carrying troops. Survivors 740 out of 860.

In the Air—R.A.F. bombed aerodromes at Dinard, Caen and Guernsey, and seaplane slipway at Brest. Coastal Command aircraft shot down enemy fighter off French coast.

Night raids made on oil plants at Dortmund, Gelsenkirche, Wanne Eickel and Cherbourg. Military targets bombed at Dusseldorf, Hamm and Soest.

War against Italy—Enemy made general attack on British positions covering Jugargan Pass, but was repulsed.

Home Front—About 400 German 'planes launched attacks on balloon barrage in Straits of Dover, on Weymouth and Portland, and on shipping off East Coast. Sixty-five enemy aircraft destroyed. Twenty-six British fighters missing; two pilots safe.

Some damage done to houses, churches, naval buildings, including a hospital, and communications. Two warships sustained minor damage from splinters.

Albania—Revolt which started in Miriditi district said to be spreading and to have resulted so far in 400 Italian casualties.

General—Nazi leader in S. America, Arnulf Fuhrmann, arrested in Argentina.

MONDAY, AUGUST 12 *345th Day*

In the Air—R.A.F. bombed Gotha airframe factory and other targets in N.W. Germany, Holland and France.

Raids made on 17 aerodromes and seaplane base at Borkum. Harbour at Helder bombed by R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm.

Home Front—Sixty-two enemy machines destroyed in course of large-scale raids on South Coast. Attacks began over Kent coast and extended later to Isle of Wight and Portsmouth. Thirteen British fighters missing.

Minor damage done to outskirts of H.M. dockyard. Number of buildings, including railway station, hit in Portsmouth. Church and houses damaged in Isle of Wight.

Extensive night raids by enemy bombers over England and Wales.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 13 *346th Day*

On the Sea—Running fights took place between British motor torpedo boats and German light naval forces, in which one Nazi ship was rammed.

Admiralty announced that H.M. minesweeping trawlers "Tamarisk" and "Pyrope" sank following air attack.

In the Air—R.A.F. carried out daylight operations over area extending from Jutland to Bay of Biscay; targets included aerodromes at Waalhaven, Hingene, Caen, Cherbourg, Morlaix, and seaplane base at Brest. Twelve aircraft did not return.

During night large force of R.A.F. bombers seriously damaged Caproni aircraft works at Milan and Fiat plant at Turin.

Other bombers attacked Junkers factories at Dessau, 60 miles S.W. of Berlin, and at Bernburg, munition works at Luenen and Grevenbroich, military targets in the Ruhr, and 14 aerodromes in Germany, Holland, Belgium and France.

War against Italy—Enemy attacks on Jugargan positions, Somaliland, renewed but with scant success. Column advancing along coast road from Zeila engaged by British aircraft and gunfire from H.M. ships.

Engagements in Gallabat area, Sudan, resulted in withdrawal of enemy with losses.

Home Front—All-day air battle along South Coast. Seventy-eight German aircraft shot down. Thirteen British fighters lost, but pilots of ten reported to be safe.

Mass attacks made on Southampton. Bombs dropped in Isle of Wight and country districts of Berks, Hants and Wilts. Several R.A.F. aerodromes in S.E. England attacked.

Empire—Three Australian ministers, army chief of staff, and other prominent officials killed in air crash at Canberra.

France—French "war guilt" trials opened in secret session at Riom.